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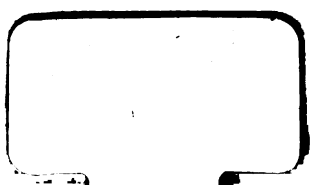
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TOKEAH;

OR,

THE WHITE ROSE.

Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom?
Where a wind ever soft, from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Knowest thou it?

Thither! O, thither!

My dearest and kindest with thee would I go.

GOETHE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

CAREY, LEA & CAREY,—CHESNUT STREET.

SOLD, IN NEW YORK, BY G. & C. CARVILLE,—IN BOSTON, BY
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1829.

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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fourteenth day of January, in the fifty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1829—

CAREY, LEA & CAREY,

of the said District, have deposited in this office the Title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

TOKEAH; OR, THE WHITE ROSE.

Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom?
Where a wind ever soft, from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?
Knowest thou it?

Thither! O, thither!
My dearest and kindest with thee would I go.

GOETHE.

In two volumes. Vol. I.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned"—And also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, 'An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching Historical and other Prints."

D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

DURING one of my excursions in the south-western part of the Mississippi valley, I chanced to pick up an acquaintance, which has since proved a source of infinite enjoyment to me. This acquaintance is one of those old honest country squires, who administer the dictates of justice, not so much according to the commentaries of Sir William Blackstone, or the acts of assembly of their respective states, as their own sound, and generally shrewd sense. He is a stout, double-jointed old gentleman, with a linsey coat and leather breeches, and a pair of sturdy pillars, on which, notwithstanding they support the father of more than a dozen citizens, his square frame still finds a surer basis, than His Catholic Majesty on those he has emblematically adopted.

On a long winter evening, during which he was so unusually condescending, as to call me, half a dozen times, "lad," he took from one of the many corners into which his parlour is shaped, a parcel of papers carefully tied up with twine, and handed them to me, with the words—"Read them there papers aloud. There you'll find as lovely a lass and lad, as ever trod on Mississippi ground."

Accordingly I began to read. It is true, my lady, his wife—an old dame rather the worse for wear, and a little obstinate—interrupted me sometimes, and made me somewhat impatient with her remarks. However, I got on. I only wish my readers may not grow as tired of the tale, as I did of her remarks. Gradually, as I proceeded in the pe-

rusal, I became fond of the characters; the coincidence of the tale with several well-known facts—such as the history of Monsieur Lafitte, who gave Lord Byron scope for his “Pirate”—the generous deed of the Pawnee chief, mentioned in Morse’s account of the Indians—and a strict adherence to the manners and usages of the Red Race, as depicted in M’Kenney’s tour to the Chippewas—contributed to heighten the favourable impression. I proposed to the squire to publish the tale—he gladly consented. “Shouldn’t thought,” said he, with a broad laugh, “that I ever would become an author; but it is quite as well, and I am not sorry the axe went so deep.” The squire, though rather wealthy, rarely loved to be a ready hand at work, and during one of his clearings, when perhaps his head was less clear than it should have been, the axe, which was to cleave a tree, struck his foot. Though he might have very easily spared half of his pedestal, yet he thought otherwise, and chose to keep his room for four weeks. During this time he dictated the following tale to his clerk, Jerobotham Legend, schoolmaster of Opelousas county, a true New Hampshire man, who went forth into the southern paradise in quest of dollars.

Having thus given an account of the manner in which I became possessed of the papers now laid before the public—I think it necessary to add, that though I disclaim the honour of Authorship, yet the fair and gentle reader, as well as critic, may justly allow me some merit, in regard to the dress of “them papers,” as my friend, the squire termed them.

TOKEAH;

OR,

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us, with savages and men of India? SHAKSPEARE.

UPON the road which winds from the village of Coosa, in the former territory of the Creeks, towards the capital of Georgia, there stood, about twenty years ago, under a protecting shelf of rocks on which some dozen of red cedar and pine trees were scattered, the humble log cabin of John Copeland; or, as he was generally styled, Captain John. Before it rose two huge posts, connected by two large cross-beams, between which was swinging in the blast a large sign daubed with a gaudy copper figure, intended to represent an Indian king, with his diadem of plumes, tomahawk, scalping knife, girdle of wampum, and so forth. Beneath this figure, in words not unlike Egyptian hieroglyphics, was scrawled, "ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST." On the right side of the cabin, and nearer to the path, stood the sheds; separated from

the road only by a narrow mud hole. They were originally intended for horses and cattle, but had, in fact, become a resting place for such travellers as chose to sojourn with Captain John. A couple of hog and cow pens formed the rearguard of the establishment.

It was on a stormy December night—the wind moaned wildly through the black pine forest, on the verge of which the cabin was situated;—rain mingled with hail dashed against the window shutters, threatening the inmates every moment with a deluge; while the crashing of trees, broken down by the storm, sounded like peals of thunder through the dark abode of Captain John,—when something like the tapping of a hand on the weather board of the door, was soon succeeded by a knocking that shook the very logs of which the cabin was constructed. Immediately after this summons the door opened, and a head peered out into the dark night, as if to reconnoitre the ground around the door, just where the butt end of a rifle was advanced,—doubtless with the benevolent intention of saving the inmate the trouble of opening it. The foremost of a group of beings whose characters could not be ascertained in the dark, came forward, threw the door wide open, entered, and, striding towards the chimney with a haughty step, there sat down. A considerable time elapsed before about twenty of his followers stalked into the room, in the same silent and haughty manner. When the last had entered, the person who had opened the door shut it again; and stepping towards the fire-place, where a large log was still glimmering, threw a couple of dry fagots over it, kindled one of the pine torches lying near, and moving deliberately towards the bar, placed a lighted candle upon it. The rude objects of the room appeared now more distinctly in the livid glare of the torch, and the wavering light of the candle.

On a chair before the fire-place, sat the personage who had first entered; his blood-stained blanket was thrown over his whole body, so as entirely to conceal his form. Behind him, on the floor, a group of about twenty Indians sat on their haunches, with their legs crossed, their faces shrouded in their wet blankets, while large blood-stains, with which these were tinged, sufficiently betrayed the character of the expedition they came from. In the corner opposite the fire-place stood the bar, behind whose railing a dozen dirty bottles, and still dirtier tumblers and mugs were ranged. Three blue painted barrels with the inscriptions, "French brandy," "Gin," and "Monongahela whiskey," were stationed a shelf lower. A large heap of deer, beaver, and buffalo skins, on the left side of the bar, reached nearly to the railing, and intimated a frequent intercourse with the copper-coloured race. Opposite the door was a huge bed, with a corresponding tester, and moscheto bars, and before it three lower beds with a small cradle, the fragment of a hollow tree, at whose ends were nailed pieces of boards. In these divers receptacles the snoring of mine host's family, gave undisturbed and audible indications of sleep. The walls of the room showed rude pine logs, without any other embellishment than that of large streaks of clay, with which the crevices were filled. In this room, which, from its manifold contents, may justly be supposed to have been of rather a large size, the person of the landlord was seen, putting aside the benches and chairs which the intruders had thrown pell-mell on the floor, moving about with that sullen coolness which is so characteristic of the western backwoodsman, and bespeaks his fearless as well as his indolent disposition. When he had removed the last chair, he seated himself by the side of him who seemed the chief of the band. Another minute elapsed before this personage roused his head, two thirds of

which were concealed by a piece of cotton tied round it, on which, like fringes, little clots of gore hung. The backwoodsman cast a side-glance at the Indian, but withdrew his eye the next moment, and looked again into the crackling fire.

"Has my white brother no tongue?" now said the Indian, in a low, guttural tone.

"He will listen to the talk of the chief," returned the backwoodsman sullenly.

"Go call your woman," said the Indian, in the same low tone, without raising his head.

Mine host arose, and turned towards the large bed, behind whose curtains the woman was sitting. After a few words she emerged from her resting place, and advanced by the side of her husband towards the Indian, in her homespun brown, which served both daily and nightly. She was a stout buxom dame, with a red countenance, not easily to be shaken; her form, which was midway between square and round, corresponded with the huge frame of her husband, and could scarcely have betrayed, that she really had borne him an offspring of six boys and one girl. There was, however, something so alarming in the blood-stained visitors, illumined as they were by occasional flashes from the glaring flame; and their deadly silence was so ominous, that mine hostess forgot for the first time, since the opening of the tavern, to use her right, to inquire into the business of her temporary inmates. Stepping to the side of her husband, she stood in silent expectation.

The Indian now raised his head slowly, and said with an austere manner, "Listen, woman, to the talk of a great warrior; his hands are open, and he will fill the wigwam of his brother with deer skins; he will ask but little from her, and what she may give easily. Has my sister," continued he, turning his head towards the woman, "milk for a little sister."

The woman looked astonished at the question, without comprehending his meaning.

"Will she," continued the Indian, raising his voice a tone higher, "give of her milk to a little sister, that she may not die for want of food."

The woman looked bolder, as she now began to comprehend the demand, and she moved from her husband to the side of the Indian; at the same time he opened the folds of his blanket, and produced a beautiful child, dressed in a rich ermine pelisse, and cap of the same.

For a moment the woman gazed in astonishment, but in the next her female tenderness prevailed. Stretching out her hand to receive the child, she cried, "Body o' me! a baby, a wonderful pretty baby, and a well enough people's child, I warrant ye. Look at the linen and the furs! Have ye ever seen the like? and the—la, bless me! where have you got that there poor little thing? Ay, it aint a red child: surely I will."

The dame would probably have given further vent to her feelings, but for a significant glance from her husband. The Indian seemed not to pay the least attention to what she said, but, unbuttoning the ermine pelisse, he slipped the garment off. A robe of gros de Naples presented itself. The Indian untied in the same manner knot after knot, and had succeeded in extracting the child from a second robe, when a third, fourth, and fifth of the finest cambric lined with Brussels lace appeared, within which the child was buried not unlike a silk worm in its cocoon. The Indian seemed now to lose patience, seizing his scalping knife, and cutting the three remaining garments asunder, he presented the naked child to the terrified hostess.

"You devil!" shrieked the frightened woman, snatching the child from him.

"Stay," said the Indian, pointing to the neck of

the child, from which hung a gold chain, with a little medal. The woman slipped the chain over its head, and throwing it into the face of the Indian, she hurried towards her bed.

"Devil's in that woman," muttered Captain John, not without uneasiness, at the sudden out-breaking of his wife's feelings.

"The red warrior," said the Indian with unmovable calmness, "will give beavers' skins for the milk of his sister, but he will keep what he has picked up, and the door must be open when he calls for the child."

"But," said mine host, who seemed to feel it incumbent on him to be more explicit, "to speak plainly, I don't care to keep the child, though I have plenty of my own. But should the parents come, or the white father hear of it, what then? the chief knows, that his hands reach far."

The Indian paused a moment and then said in a significant tone, "The child's mother will not come. The night is very dark, the storm blows very hard, the trail of the red warrior will not be seen to-morrow. It is far to the wigwam of the white father. If he hears of the child, then my white brother told him of it. If he takes it, the red warrior will take the scalps of his children."

"There, take back your child, I won't have nothing to do with it," said the backwoodsman in a resolute tone.

The Indian drew his knife in calm concentrated rage, and looked in the direction of the child.

"We'll take care of it—nobody shall know it!" shrieked the woman in a voice almost of phrensy. The Indian put his knife calmly into his belt. "The red men are dry," said he, in the same tone.

The woman muttered something like poison; her husband, however, now strode somewhat quicker towards the bar, took one of the bottles and filled a

tumbler, which the chief quaffed down as he sat. It then passed round to every Indian, in brisk circulation. When the third bottle was emptied, the Chief rose abruptly, threw a Spanish gold piece on the table, and, taking from his girdle of wampum a necklace of beads, hung it round the neck of the child, which the woman had in the mean while dressed in a homespun flannel frock.

"The Creeks will know the child of one of their warriors," said he; and, turning round, he stalked with great dignity towards the door, followed in the same manner by his men, and disappeared in the dark night.

"The squall is over," said Captain John, who had looked after the Indians, as they stole towards their birchen canoe.

"Who's that red devil?" his wife broke forth, when the last had disappeared, fetching at the same time a deep breath, and shuddering involuntarily.

"Hush, woman! hold your jaw till the Coosa is between your tongue and them red skins. There is foul play, I warrant ye," said he, shutting the door and stepping with the lighted candle towards the bed, where his wife was nursing her new charge. "That there poor thing might tell a story, may be, that we should not like to listen to. Ay, and she may cost us our scalps, too. There's something wrong—they have been on a scalping expedition; that's suré enough; but where, the devil knows. Well, if they have been down at the Spaniard's," continued he, looking alternately at the child and at the gold piece; "I should'nt care a damn; but things must be looked to."

So saying, he threw himself into the bed. But it was long before the sturdy backwoodsman sunk again asleep. The night scene seemed entirely to have destroyed his repose.

Captain John was one of those licensed traders

who had settled two years before this nightly visit among the Creeks, under the patronage of the general government, and the immediate protection of its agent.

He was a man half way between thirty and forty, as stout and square built "as any one who ever trod in his own shoes," and with just as much of tavern-keeper jollity as corresponded with his grave customers and his own bargaining, shrewd hawk-eye. But, notwithstanding he seemed more anxious to get the skins of the Indians, than even to keep his own and those of his family, which in fact were not a great deal more secure than those of the hard-won beavers; yet, there was in him an indistinct but fair and correct principle, that would have readily met any risk where the interest of his country, or, to use his expression, of his own people, was at stake. The Creeks had been for many years on good terms with the white people; or, what is the same, with the inhabitants of the state of Georgia. They had not only received the agent sent to them by the general government with every mark of respect, thus acknowledging the supremacy of the Great Father, as they called the President of the United States; but they had even entered into the views of the government and of its agent, with respect to their moral improvement, which the agent, with the assistance of such of his fellow-citizens as chose to follow him, had begun to carry into effect. Yet, in spite of these signs of mutual good understanding, there were among them the germs of a rising discontent; which, perhaps, none was able to observe more closely than our tavern keeper. The various treaties they had concluded with the whites, as they called the Americans, had deprived them of the greater and better part of their ancient territory; which extended over the whole state of Georgia, parts of Alabama, Florida, and Mississippi.

They had borne these legal cessions, or, as they termed them, spoliations with firm resignation; and in the hope of enjoying the remainder of their lands in peace and safety. But the restless population of Georgia, thinned in the war, had during the seventeen years that had elapsed since the termination of the revolutionary struggle, recovered sufficiently, and the adventurous sons of the west looked with a wistful eye towards the rich fertile tracts of walnut and hickory bottoms, that lay between the pine forests of these parts. Soon after numberless squatters settled down on the richest tracts, without inquiring any further into the titles, than their own occupancy. Dissensions had broken out respecting the occupation of the fertile lands on the head of the Oconee river. The difference had been settled by a treaty, in which the Chief of the Oconees, the son of a white, ceded the lands. The greater part of the tribe, with the descendants of the Ahikokos or heirs of the Oconees, were thus cast on the mercy of their red brethren. He was said to be of a haughty, stern, and treacherous character; his influence with his tribe to be unlimited, and even great with the rest of the Creeks, who began to be alarmed for their remaining land.

Proud, fierce, and jealous of their rights as they were, it wanted but little to blow the elements into a hurricane, with a people who were fully conscious of their strength. A war, preceded as it always was by horrid cruelties, against the scattered white settlers, would have assumed in those nearly defenceless parts a dreadful character. As these vague and confused thoughts floated before the mind of our captain, he knew the dangerous character of the people among whom he lived too well, not to distrust the treacherous calm which reigned among them. The necessity of "talking about them things," as he expressed himself to his spouse, in their curtain

conference become obvious to him, and having fixed his mind on M'Lellan, the deputy-agent and store-keeper in the Upper Creeks' territory, he determined to make a trip to him the next morning. This purpose firmly settled, he soon fell asleep.

Accordingly, with the break of dawn he drew on leather breeches, (pantaloon being then unknown,) slipped on his moccasins, buckled a rusty spur on his right foot, slung over both a pair of leggings that reached almost to the girdle, and might have served, each of them, to a middle-sized man instead of a cloak, and sat down to a hearty breakfast. The whole was done with that unchanging coolness that characterizes the backwoodsman, who amidst danger relies on his own exertions—straight forward, dogged, and wary.

"Send Tomba with the skins up to the Cherokees, and keep yourself ready, if I shouldn't come back to-morrow night," said he, rising from the table and casting a blanket round his huge frame.

"When shall I look for ye, man?" demanded his wife.

"That's more than I know myself. Do as I tell ye, they are stirring, and we must look to it." So saying, he took his loaded horse-whip from the wall, which had knocked down many a buck, and bestrode his switch-tailed mare.

The road, or rather path leading to the store of Captain M'Lellan, ran through a long pine forest. The ground a swelling plain, was now covered with a thin sheet of snow, that had softened after the hail storm. The deep repose of the silvery landscape, the tall sombre pines, with their branches fringed with festoons of snow, glittering in the pale morning sun, like millions of diamonds, and the frosty blast that whistled at intervals through the trees, began imperceptibly to cool the blood of our backwoodsman, who rode soberly on, pondering in his

mind over the late adventure, and comparing it with the various effusions which had escaped his drunken guests on former occasions. He arrived at the conclusion—"things must be looked to."

He had jogged on for a couple of hours, and the upland verged into a broad walnut bottom, with here and there a clearing and straggling wigwam constructed of logs, surrounded by patches of corn and tobacco, and resting under a walnut tree with its smoke curling through the leafless branches. As the horseman advanced, the wigwams became more frequent, the landscape assumed a more cultivated face, large log buildings appeared resembling the cabins of the western farmers, with stables and corn and tobacco fields. Some were even surrounded by thriving orchards. The mien of our backwoodsman began to sour as he looked askance at these dwellings, some of which were even superior to his own.

"Devil knows," muttered he, "what Colonel Hawkins means by bringing these carpenters, and weavers, and farmers, and blacksmiths, and heaven knows whom besides, among them red skin—he don't mean these red devils shall stay in Georgia for ever? Damn'd if they do. But it looks so," muttered he, after a pause, during which he had again examined one of the wigwams, near which he passed.

"They have their snug cabins, and corn and tobacco fields, more like freemen than devilish red skins. Ay, and breaking flax, too," continued he in the same sullen strain, when his eye caught a knot of girls who were busy behind the wigwam. "I reckon, in a few years, they'll make their whiskey, too. But after all my Colonel may be mistaken, red skins is red skins, and I might as well white-wash my negur, as make them treacherous devils orderly people."

It may be easily imagined, that the views of our

Captain were of rather a different cast from those of the philanthropic agent and his assistants, and to speak the truth, they coincided exactly, not only with those of his fellow traders, but with the western settlers in general. Already in those early times they began to look with an unfriendly eye upon the lawful possessors of these lands, whom they considered as a sort of nuisance that could not be too soon removed, and as their improvements seemed to imply their firm determination to keep their land, and to make themselves independent, the author of these reforms was far from being highly agreeable to a great majority of his fellow citizens. Our Captain was a backwoodsman in the full sense of the word, who, with many good qualities, had some very indifferent ones, and among those an innate aversion to the red race, which he hated, to use his own expression, "more than polecats." He had just turned round a sweep of the ridge from which he had a full view of the broad bottom, and now entered a copse of dog and hickory wood, when his soliloquy was suddenly interrupted. The branches of the thicket opened, and a tall gaunt human form reared itself up before him, completely shrouded in its blanket. The horse shrunk back and our Captain was near being thrown out of the saddle. The Indian of yesterday stood before him, his head still covered with the piece of cotton, and his only eye which was visible, darting a ferocious glance at the rider. For a long while he stood without uttering a word.

"A mighty warrior," said he at last, with a voice in which rage and deadly hatred were fearfully mingled, "has thrown his talk before a dog, who will sow weeds on the path, which lies between the red and the white men. Has he counted the heads of those he left in his wigwam? When he returns from the white trader, he will find it empty, and the

scalps of his women and children drying in the smoke of the red men."

A low taunting laugh resounded from both sides of the thicket, at the same time the boughs moved asunder, and a group of hideous forms were seen gliding behind the speaker.

Presence of mind was a virtue that our backwoodsman had sufficiently gained in his dangerous trade. With a visage which the greatest diplomatist of our times could scarcely have smoothed more completely into absolute indifference, when detected on a wrong scent, he said, "what's the matter? can't an honest man get a couple of yards of flannel for a petticoat, when a great chief has stripped his child like a"—thief he was about to say, but he prudently swallowed the dangerous word down.

The chief fixed his penetrating glance upon the backwoodsman. "Does the daughter of the warrior want clothes?"

"Foolish question," resumed our shrewd host, who well knew the mode of assuaging the suspicions of the savages. "Bet hasn't but one frock, and that she wants herself. I'll give a gill of whiskey, if the poor thing aint frozen to death before I return."

"The red warrior will send clothes," said the Indian; and, whispering to the next of his men, the savage glided swiftly away.

"Well, if you'll send what I am going for, I may spare myself the trouble; but don't forget the shoes or moccasins, whichever you like best." John concluded, and was turning his horse's head, when the Indian made him a sign to stop. "The paths are many, that lead from the wigwam of the white man to his brethren, and his tongue is very crooked; but the eyes and ears of the chief are wide open. Let not him nor his people be found by the red men, or they will take his scalp."

"Well," said the Captain, "you won't keep me a prisoner in my own house, when there is so much to be done abroad, and rum to be bought, and skins to be sent away?"

"When the moon has changed thrice, my brother may stir again; but then let him beware his tongue." The Indian turned again into the thicket, leaving the backwoodsman to his own thoughts. These were certainly not of the most pleasing nature. That the Indians meditated mischief, appeared from the ominous mystery of their chief. But when the blow would be, or how to prevent it, were questions, that exceeded Mr. John Copeland's capacity. "But should I," so concluded he, "ever be able to give a hint to M'Lellan, what then? From Mr. M'Lellan to Colonel Hawkins' are a good long two miles, and before the tidings will reach him, the blow is struck, and our scalps taken," added he, involuntarily lifting his cap and scratching his head. "And then would the red skin have brought the child, if he meant any harm?—he would have dashed it against the next tree." However wavering his intentions might still have been, the voice of his wife, and the sight of his children, determined him for the less patriotic, but under present circumstances more prudent resolution of waiting the result in patience. The Indian kept his word; he had not been many hours at home, when one of his boys brought a bundle of clothes, which an Indian runner had thrown before his feet, without uttering a single word.

Days and weeks passed over our family in this suspense, while they expected with every hour to hear of the massacre of their fellow citizens, and fancied in every whistle of the wind they perceived the distant yells of the savages, rushing upon them to complete the work of destruction. But their fears were happily not realized. The dark clouds had

indeed gathered, but they drew off in another direction, and the storm broke over the heads of the Choctaws of the six villages, who lived farther towards the Mississippi. So secret had the scheme been, so treacherously concealed was their design, that the twelve tribes of the Creeks had united and crushed the unfortunate Choctaws, before their white friends and allies were in the least aware of it.

With the tidings of the character of the war and the restored peace among the Indians, our family again breathed more freely. The backwoodsman was now convinced, that the child, which had been put under his charge, came from a Spanish or French planter in the territory of the Choctaws, and though a lingering curiosity still remained, he was of too cold a nature, to trouble himself much with other people's concerns, especially if they were Spaniards, who at that time, if not at open variance with his government, were at least so with all the western settlers, whose adventurous spirit they in every way checked. Our host again parted with his liquor, taking in exchange deer, beaver, and fox-skins; and, except a new addition to the family regularly every year, little occurred worth mentioning. Thus had six summers gone by, the number of white traders and settlers, in the territory of the Creeks, had in the meanwhile increased, and the situation of the family had become comparatively more secure.

It was in the beginning of the seventh summer, on a mild clear evening, that Captain John Copeland sat along with his family at supper, which on this occasion was unusually well dressed. The table was loaded with a profusion of the dainties of those parts—cakes of Indian corn and wheat, turkeys, pheasants, chickens, deer haunches, and a great variety of jellies. At the upper end of the

table sat the Reverend Mr. Charles Clairson, a spare mild gentleman, with a hectic tinge on the cheek, whom zeal for his master had prompted to visit these parts as a missionary. To his profession as a minister of the gospel, the enthusiastic Methodist joined that of a teacher of youth, and he had regularly during the two years of his mission, resided four months with every one of the three sections of the Creeks. The time which he had allotted for the upper Creeks, had now elapsed, and he was come to bid farewell to his countrymen and neighbours, opposite to whose cabin he had resided in the Indian village of Coosa. By his side was the little girl who, seven years before, had become an inmate of the cabin in so strange a manner. She sat still and mildly near him, looking up into his pale face and catching the sounds of his words. The dawning loveliness of the child had attracted the mild preacher's attention. She had with the children of the trader, and the Indians of the village, frequented the school of the missionary, and had twined herself so deeply about the heart of the lone pious wanderer, that the thought of separation from her fell heavily upon him. He now motioned to the little girl to leave them alone.

"And so you will," said the preacher, after the girl had gone, with half a dozen of the trader's children, into the garden, "not hear of my proposal, to take your charge from you. She is too tender ever to be a good hand at work, and it would be a pity to let her fall among the Indians."

"True," said the captain; "but then the Indian has sent regularly every year his ten beaver skins for boarding, besides clothing; and you see her dress is well enough. Though only a red skin, I cannot dispose of his property."

"And you never saw or heard of him."

"I saw him twice, as I told you, muffled in his

blanket, and once I reckon I saw him more, but would I hadn't seen him. It was just a bit of womanish curiosity," with a side-glance at his wife, "and I wanted to go down and see Colonel Hawkins about the child. But though I could go down to New Orleans, and up to Nashville, and any where else; then it was as if that red devil had looked into my mind, and I paid for my curiosity with my best horse. He shot him down like a dog."

"And none of the Indians have given you a hint about the beads?"

"Well, to speak plainly, I don't like to talk much about it. The child's a Frencher or a Spaniard, rely upon that, but if you want you may get that hint yourself. There is just one of them red skins lying in the sheds."

"I should like to see him."

Both left the table, and approached the Indian, who lay half naked on his blanket, his rifle at his side. They beckoned to him, and went towards the garden where the children were playing. The minister took the little girl in his arm, and pointed silently to the beads. The Indian looked for a moment attentively and then crying "Hue!" and raising his hands with every mark of fear and astonishment, darted over the fence, and was soon lost to the eye. The missionary and mine host returned silently into the room.

"Well," said the latter with a sharp glance, "have you still a mind to the child?"

"Certainly," said the preacher, "if you allow me to speak with the agent."

"Not as long as I stay with these red skins," returned the tavern keeper; "but my time will be short. They are again stirring, and there are things going on with that devil beyond the Ohio. They say it is the chief of the Oconees, or Whiko as they call him."

"That's a dangerous fellow," said the clergyman.

"When I am down the Mississippi," resumed mine host, "you may do what ye please."

"Sure enough," interjected mine hostess, "poor thing, she'll never be fit for a job, and you mought as well take her; she mought do for teaching them girls; but we must think of ourselves."

The strain of mine hostess, was interrupted by a piercing cry, which came from the little garden. The next moment the object of their conversation rushed in, pale and trembling. Before they could ask the cause of her strange emotion, a tall, gaunt, colossal Indian stepped into the room, dressed in the attire of an Indian chief of the first rank. His frame was powerful; on his naked arms and uncovered temples arose scars almost finger thick; his whole attitude was imposing in a high degree, and resembled more a bronze statue than a living creature. The most striking part, however, of the Indian was his countenance: his forehead, crowned with a diadem of plumes in the ancient manner of the chiefs of the Creeks, was extremely narrow, his front small, but it ran out into two immense cheekbones, leaving between these and the narrow chin and the thin lips a cavity, which gave to the dry copper countenance, an inexpressible air of intelligence and haughty stoicism. The dress of this remarkable individual consisted of a sort of waistcoat of tanned deer-skin, that covered his broad chest, and an open hunting shirt of cotton, which was thrown over it. To a girdle of wampum was attached his breech cloth. His moccasins and leggings were exquisitely worked. He held in his right hand a rifle, and on his side stuck a scalping knife richly inlaid with silver.

"Tokeah!" exclaimed the missionary, whose peregrinations in the territory had made him more acquainted with the different tribes and their

chiefs, than the settled tavern keeper would have become.

Our host was just going to raise his tumbler to his lips, but his appetite seemed gone at the mention of a name which was known to be synonymous to a deadly enemy of the whites. He surveyed the chief from head to foot. "Six summers," said the Indian after a long pause, during which he had seated himself, "are gone and returned since the miko of the Oconees left his daughter with his white brother. He is come to take her now into his wigwam."

"Then it is you," said the captain, "who that night left us poor Rose, as that there gentleman calls her. But why have you never shown yourself or called for the child; what if she had been lost?"

"The white men want only the skies and the land of the red men, they care not for a chief," returned the Indian with a bitter smile. "If the child had been taken away, the scalps of your children would have paid for it. He will now take what is his own."

"You don't call Rose, whose parents you have murdered, your own?" said the clergyman, with an air of assurance which astonished even the backwoodsman.

The Indian cast a glance of inexpressible contempt at the speaker. "Where would the White Rose, as you call her, be, if the hand of Tokeah had not arrested the arm which was going to dash out her brains? Who has hunted for her when she crawled on her hands and feet? Who has sent the beavers' skins and drink water? Go," added he with the same glance of contempt, "you are dogs, your tongue talks of what your heart does not know. You tell us to love our white neighbours, when they take our skins, our cattle, our lands, and drive us into the wilderness.

"The whiko of the Oconeas," said the missionary, undaunted by the cold vehemence of the Indian, "will not tear a poor Christian child from her kindred? The white father would be angry; he will pay back the skins."

"No need of that," cried the woman; "I'll give back with all my heart what the red-skin chief, should I say, has sent."

"Ay, that we'll do," subjoined the backwoodsman a little more slowly.

"The chief of the Oconeas," said the Indian in a stern tone, "will not talk more with the white father. His path is long; his heart yearns after freedom; he will seek it there where no white man has trodden the ground. He wants his daughter to cook his venison, and to make his hunting shirt, and his mocasins." He then whistled, and a party of Indians entered, followed by two girls.

"Canondah!" exclaimed the missionary. One of the girls stepped forward, and crossing her hands on her bosom, she inclined her head towards the missionary.

"And you will leave us?" said the missionary. The girl was silent. The chief made another sign, and the second girl seized the shrieking child, and lifted her into a blanket which was thrown over the shoulder of the first; she then passed a string round the hips of the child, and tied it, raised her to the shoulders of the girl, and wound her arms round her neck. The Indian girl took now the upper corners of the blanket, and, drawing them together in her hand, she was ready to depart.

The missionary, with the family of the trader, had looked at these sudden preparations in silent and anxious suspense. When they were finished, he advanced towards the Indian and said, with a mild voice, "then to your love and sisterly care I must leave the tender plant."

The Indian girl on whose back the poor child hung, bowed her head.

"And this book," handing her a pocket bible, "is a token of remembrance for Rosa. Remember him who has saved you," said the pious man, and laying his hands on her head, he gave her his blessing. The girls left the room with the rest of the Indians; the Chief only remained. Then rising,—“the miko of the Oconees,” said he with dignity, “has paid for the milk of the white woman. His path is long, his course will vary, his heart is sick of the whites; may he never more behold them.” When he had spoken these words, he rose, stalked out of the room, leaving the missionary and the family of the trader in silent surprise. Our sturdy backwoodsman, however, was the first who found the use of his tongue, and he could not even help wishing himself joy, as having got rid of a charge which had caused him more serious thoughts during those seven years, than he had ever indulged in through the rest of his life. Nor was his satisfaction diminished when he heard from the preacher, that the same chiefs had meditated nothing short of a general insurrection of the Indians, in conjunction with the great Tecumseh, who began at this time to attract universal attention in the west of the Union. Many were their conjectures respecting his designs,—sincere the regret of the woman and the missionary. With the disappearance of the dreaded Indian, however, their fears, and gradually the memory of these events, died away.

We now leave Georgia, and the family of our tavern keeper, to resume the thread of our narrative in a distant country, and after the lapse of several years.

CHAPTER II.

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
SHAKESPEARE.

ON the northern extremity of the lake Sabine, there rises from the dreary cane and cypress swamps, and between the rival rivers Sabine and Natchez, a narrow rich bottom, that swells gradually, as the rivers diverge into two hills. From these hills the two rivers are seen pouring their bright waters, through the dark green recesses of the cane and palmetto, into the lake.

It seems as if nature had set her land-marks between the two countries, which the former of these rivers separates. A black trackless forest covers the right bank of the river; so thickly overrun with briars, as to be impenetrable to every ingress, save that of the straggling deer or the prairie wolf. The ground itself is overspread with a dense thicket of thorns, beneath which spotted and black rattlesnakes, kingsheads and copperheads, of an enormous size, are winding and lowering for mocking birds, wild pigeons, or black squirrels. A vista here and there presents a chaos of mouldering trees blown down by a tornado, and lying together as if they had been piled up into a regular breastwork. The wild luxuriance increases, where the ground slopes down into the cypress bottom, but assumes as it rises on the other side towards the Mexican river Natchez, a softer character, and the wanderer sees himself gradually transported into the delightful

regions of the Mexico. The pendant myrtle and the lovely palma-christi are here intermingled with the dark mangrove; and on the rising ground the cotton trees and sycamores spread their green silvery arms over a carpet of the most delicious green. The whole forest is interwoven with one immense canopy, formed by the wild vines that shoot up from the ground, and catching the stem of a tree and creeping to the crown of it descend again, shooting from the mangrove to the myrtle, from the sycamore to the papaw, and forming thus one immense bower. The broad belt itself, on which the Natchez sweeps its waters towards the lake, presents an immense field of waving cane-brake, which from the forest runs for about half a mile up to the water's edge, where the mangrove and cypress dip their mourning branches into the waters of the stream.

Our readers will probably expect that we are going to diffuse over these beautiful scenes a perpetual rosy spring. Our humbler task, however, imposes upon us the necessity of conforming more to the truth. The killing frost never fetters these delightful regions, it is true; but long and heavy rains chill the air during the winter, filling the rivers, swamps, and lakes with immense quantities of water, thus preparing a fearful work for the boiling sun in the succeeding summer.

The autumn is, without doubt, the most delightful season in these regions. It was on one of those bland autumnal afternoons, designated by the appellation of Indian summer, and even hailed in the north as the parting smiles of a fair season—the sun had sunk behind the tops of trees, which line the western bank of the Natchez, reflecting a variety of the most beautiful tints, from the green and yellow, purple and orange dress of the myrtle, magnolia, palma-christi with which the forest was studded—not a cloud spotted the blue vault of heaven, a de-

licious fragrant elasticity thrilled through the air, and filled the atmosphere with a soft voluptuousness—the deep silence was only interrupted by the chattering parrot, or whistling mocking bird, or by the settling of a flock of wild fowl on the broad sheet of the Natchez.

From the narrow lane which nature has left between the forest and the cane-brake, two female forms were seen gliding towards an open place. The complexion of the foremost showed the copper hue of the Indian race. She had now reached a bend of the lane, where a prostrate cotton tree crossed the opening, and leaned herself against the trunk, apparently to catch breath. She was a full-grown Indian girl, with a fine forehead, an open countenance, a large black eye, and lips exquisitely formed. The mould of her countenance bespoke a laughing playfulness, while the Roman nose gave her an air of decision and authority, with which her dress corresponded. She wore a short calico gown, with her arms bare, the sleeves met at the points of the squares behind, and were fastened with a gorget. Her hair, instead of hanging in long coarse tresses round her shoulders, was plaited into a knot in which stuck a comb. A pair of golden ear-rings, with bracelets of the same metal, heightened the favourable impression, and scarlet leggings with mocasins of alligator's skin displayed a neat foot. By her side hung a pocket knife of a considerable size, and of foreign manufacture, and in her hand she carried a large basket. Her gait was more like bouncing, than walking or running. She stopped every ten paces, and looked behind at her companion with an inexpressible air of tenderness. Again she leaped forward, and returned in the same manner.

"Rosa," exclaimed she at last, in the Indian language, and with an air of light impatience, bound-

ing at the same time towards the second female who had now issued from the foliage of an immense cotton tree, and sinking before her on her legs, and crossing them with a quickness and pliancy which resembled the windings of a serpent.

"The White Rose is no more the same; look how the grass grows on the path her foot has trod so often. Why is the White Rose sad?"

There was something so touching in the voice of the Indian; her attitude, as she cast her arms round the form of the second female, was so beseeching, and admiration and love were so intimately blended in her mien, as made it doubtful, whether her interest sprung from any relationship on her part, or the exquisite beauty of the object before whom she was seated.

The soft black eye, rolling languidly under its long silken lashes, and reposing now on the Indian, then lingering as if in quest of something indefinable—the light heaving of the delicate bosom, the cheek, suffused with a rosy tint, the form itself tender, yet elastic, seemed to breath nothing but love; again the exquisitely moulded forehead, the light ruby seam indicating, or rather showing, the delicately formed lips, cast over the whole countenance an air of mild dignity, and an expression of sweetness, that gave her more the air of an ethereal, than of a human being. Her jet black hair fell in long curls round a neck of almost transparent whiteness, a dark green silk dress, closed with a girdle, veiled her form, and reached down to a pair of the smallest feet, covered with scarlet moccasins. Round her neck she wore a white silk handkerchief, tied in a light knot. In her hand she carried a straw bonnet.

The female whose outlines we have given, and who was in fact Rosa, whom we have seen seven years ago, carried away by the Indian chief, looked

down on her red friend with an air of the gentlest tenderness; a tear stole into her eye; and, bending her head, she pressed a kiss on the lips of the Indian speaker.

"Why, has the White Rose no tongue?" resumed the Indian in the same plaintive tone. "Look! Canondah's bosom is open for the woes of the White Rose."

"Dear Canondah," lisped the fair being, throwing her arms round the neck of the Indian.

"Oh! tell Canondah," prayed the Indian, "what it is that afflicts your heart?" then changing on a sudden into a plaintive melodious tone, "Look," she said, "these arms have carried the White Rose when she was very little; on these shoulders she hung, when we crossed the big river. On this bosom she nestled like the water fowl," pointing to a flock of pelicans basking on the stream. "Canondah has been on the trail of the White Rose like a doe on that of her fawn; and now she is grown big, and has become the White Rose of the Oconees, she will shut her heart. Oh! tell Canondah, what it is that heaves your bosom, and makes you pale and trembling."

Rosa, for by this name we shall now call her, looked at her friend for a moment; she then whispered, as if afraid of being overheard, "There is," pointing at her breast, "one thing, that I cannot tell, which fills my heart with pain and wo."

"Is it the great chief of the Saltake, who causes your sorrow?"

Rosa grew pale, she stepped back, and covered her face with her hands.

The Indian sprang up from the ground, and throwing her arm round her friend, both walked on in silence. They stood now on the verge of the canebrake, under a gigantic cotton tree, round whose trunk an immense wild vine had twined its pliant

stem, ascending to the top of the tree, and shooting numerous festoons towards the ground, through which the dubious mellow light of the sun stole, faintly tinging every object with illusive hues.

"Sad is the path of an Oconee girl!" broke out the Indian after a long pause, during which both had gathered the grapes that hung in profusion from the festoons. "When the warriors go hunting, they are left in their wigwams to weep over their lot, and hoe corn. Would Canondah were a man!"

"And El Sol?" said her fair companion with a light melancholy smile—"Canondah should not complain."

The Indian smiled, laid her finger significantly on her mouth, and said, "Yes, El Sol is a great chief, and Canondah owes him her life, and she will cook his venison, and weave his hunting shirt, and follow him with a light heart; and the White Rose," added she, casting her arm again round the latter, "will listen to what her sister will sing into her ears. El Sol will be soon in the village of the Oconees, and then Canondah whispers softly to him; he is a great chief, and the miko will listen to his talk; he will return the presents, which the chief of the Saltlake has sent, and the White Rose shall not see his wigwam."

The latter shook her head doubtfully. "Does Canondah know so little of her father? The storm may bend the feeble reed, but it will not bow the silvered trunk of the big tree. It may break but it will not bend," added she, with an air of hopelessness. "The miko looks at the chief of the Saltlake, with the eye of a warrior, and not with those of his daughter; he has promised Rosa to him, and poor Rosa"—a shudder passed over her slender form—"will die."

"No, no," said the Indian; "Rosa must not die; El Sol loves Canondah, and the miko of the Oco-

nees knows that he is a greater warrior than the chief of the Saltlake—but listen,” exclaimed she, turning her ear towards the stream, from whence a faint distant rustling noise was heard. “What is that?”

“Oh, nothing,” returned Rosa.

The noise though faint, was distinctly heard.—“Canondah,” exclaimed Rosa, “you will not hunt the great water-serpent?”

But her words were in vain. The Indian darted, with the swiftness of a deer, through the dense cane-brake, and nothing remained for her companion but to follow the crashing sounds, that pointed out to her the direction in which she had broken through. While she wound herself through the mazes of the reeds, a shriek was heard; but it was not the voice of Canondah, a plunge succeeded, followed by a short violent struggle, after which a deep silence ensued. Rosa now followed breathless towards the stream—after a toilsome scene of some minutes, she at last reached the edge of the bank—her eye sought her friend.

“Rosa!” exclaimed the Indian, who stood in the shallow water, half-concealed by the palmetto, her short calico gown floating round her.

“Canondah!” said her friend, with an expression of stifled reproach, when the Indian pointed to an alligator, which lay quivering in the mud.

“Why is this?—Rosa has but one Canondah, and her she will lose, if she will not give up hunting the water-serpent.”

“Look here,” pointing to a deep cut in the throat of the animal, and raising the bloody knife; “I buried it to the haft. The daughter of the miko of the Oconees knows how to strike the water-serpent,” said she, somewhat tauntingly; but, lowering her voice, she added in a subdued tone, “it was very young and chilled, for the water begins to grow

cold. Canondah is but a little girl, but she will teach the white youth to hunt the water-serpent."—As she spoke the latter words, her eye glanced towards a cypress-tree, that stood below the bank, a few yards from the margin, in the shallow water.

"The white youth?"—demanded Rosa.

The Indian laid her finger significantly on her mouth, washed the blood from her hands, wiped the knife, and stepped towards the tree. Bending its branches asunder with her left hand, she extended the palm of her right, in token of friendship, and pointed towards the bank, to which she led the way. The foliage of the cypress now opened, and a young white man appeared, moving slowly towards the water's edge; he caught with both hands, the feeble support of the reeds.

"How came he here?" asked Rosa, in a low whisper; with her eyes rivetted on the stranger.

The Indian pointed to a yawl which stuck among the palmettos, and which the youth had evidently endeavoured to force through the reeds. He was within two paces of the shore, when his strength seemed exhausted. He staggered, the reed yielded to the heavy weight, and he was on the point of sinking, when he was caught by the Indian and drawn towards the bank, against which she leaned him.

The cause of the stranger's weakness now appeared sufficiently. The jaws of the alligator had seized his right leg, and the blood gushed from a deep flesh wound. The Indian had no sooner remarked it, than she hastened to the side of Rosa, and untying the silk handkerchief from Rosa's neck; with the words, "Your white brother is bitten, and you see Canondah has but her gown;" ran with it in her mouth towards a palma-christi. She broke the stem across her knees, and loosened the soft rind that lay under the bark. She then leaped down by

the side of the stranger; and stooping over the wounded leg, staunched the blood with the soft fibres, and tied the silk handkerchief round it.

The whole was indeed the work of a moment; and so quick and decided were her movements, that Rosa made no other answer to her sudden proceedings, than a deep blush.

"Your hands!" said the Indian to Rosa, who had stood with both her arms crossed before her bosom, whose light panting betrayed some emotion; and bounding again to the bank, she now lifted the youth, with the assistance of Rosa, upon it. There they laid him on the green carpet. Both girls stepped aside, and a short consultation ensued; after which they raised him to lead him through the cane.

Their progress was slow and cautious. While Rosa led the van, supporting the stranger with her arm as much as her strength permitted, the Indian seemed particularly anxious to conceal their presence from the searching eye of a future visiter. She had directed the stranger to step into the track of Rosa, but her advice was lost. Indeed, her anxiety became almost fear, when she saw that the weakness of their charge, rendered all their efforts vain. The previous exertion, with the loss of blood, seemed to have exhausted his strength entirely. He reeled in their arms, his head had sunk on his breast, his eyes were closed, and it was only with the utmost exertion, that they could prevent him from falling. Crash on crash succeeded, and when after half an hour's toil they had issued from the brake, an open track could be distinctly traced through the reeds.

The Indian drew a deep breath, when they had seated their charge under the cotton tree, and cast alternately her eye on the cane brake and on the youth. He lay against the trunk of the cotton tree, with his eyes closed and his hands hanging down on

both sides. His whole frame seemed on the point of dissolution. To judge from the down which curled round his chin, and might have been the growth of a fortnight, his age could not much exceed twenty,—his countenance was deadly pale, but the cast of his features handsome and noble,—his form was above the middle-size, and well-proportioned. His dress, as far as could be judged from its present state, involved some contradictions; the blue red-fringed cap, with a white wool-tassel much soiled, belonged to a sailor; but his black coat and pantaloons, with the rest of his garments, though half-worn, were of a fineness and cast that bespoke a gentleman.

The sun was fast sinking, and his horizontal beams now fell underneath the branches on the vast trunk, against which the youth reclined, lighting up his pale and suffering countenance. It was like the dear bright beam of a better hope. Rosa had stood gazing in silence,—then, lifting up her hand in a supplicating manner, she looked at the Indian. Her friend seemed to comprehend fully the silent language—casting a long and anxious glance at the stranger, she said, “your white brother is come in the canoe of the great chief, but he is none of his warriors.”

“He is, perhaps, what they call a sailor?”

“No,” said the Indian, “look at his hands, they are scarcely so big as mine: they are those of a girl.”

“Perhaps a runner?” intimated Rosa, with an expression, however, which seemed to imply her own doubt.

The Indian shook her head. “Look he come from the salt water through the big lake that drinks the water of our stream; but he does not know how to paddle a canoe through the high grass. He thought that the big water-serpent was a rotten log,

and he trod on it, and it has buried its teeth in his flesh. Your white brother has fled from the great chief." She spoke these words with decision and assurance, as though she had been the companion of the stranger in his adventures.

"And will Canondah cause the blood of a brother to be shed, who has never done any harm to her?" said Rosa, in the most beseeching tone.

The Indian looked at her friend and paused a moment, "Well, Canondah will listen to the voice of his sister that speaks for the white youth."

So saying, both girls tripped away and penetrated farther into the forest, towards the trunk of an immense hollow cotton tree that stood on the sloping ground. The gigantic wild vine under whose powerful grasp the lordly tree had withered, still clung with its rich reddish foliage round the decayed trunk. The whole resembled strikingly one of those piles of ancient grandeur, which, overrun with ivy, give so charming a character to an Italian landscape. The interior of the hollow tree, with its mouldering fragments carved out by the hand of time in the most fantastic shapes, was not unlike the gothic pilasters of a turret. It was so wide as to admit six men. The care which had been taken, to clear it from the rubbish, and a neighbouring salt-lick intimated, that it was used by the outlying Indians for their nightly walks. Canondah approached the tree with a wary step, and entered it in the same cautious manner. "It is empty," said she, "and the bears won't come." Both girls now ran towards a couple of cypresses, that stood farther towards the bottom, found the salt-lick, and tearing the long floating mazes of Spanish moss from the trees, collected a load that promised a soft couch, with which they hastened towards the cave.

While Rosa was spreading the horse-hair like plant

on the ground, the Indian moved two logs near to the entrance, to secure the passage against unwelcome quadruped intruders.

"Good," said she, when these preparatories were finished, and both girls returned to the stranger.

"But he is very weak," said Rosa, "and cannot walk."

"We must carry him," replied the Indian.

Rosa blushed deeply, but the Indian, without paying any further attention to her delicate feelings, bowed down, and, putting her right hand between the turf and his limbs, made her companion a sign.

"Is Rosa afraid of touching her brother, when the walk will cause him so much pain?" said she, with mild reproach. The maiden now dropped her arm; and both raised him on their clasped hands, supporting his back in the same manner. Thus they carried him to his couch. When they had laid him down the Indian whispered—"Canondah will be here when all is dark, and pour balsam into the wound of her white brother."

But her words were lost, and except a heavy breath, the stranger gave scarcely a sign of life.

The last rays of the setting sun had just touched the hills, when the girls arrived again on the spot, where they had gathered the grapes, and they returned the same way which they came, towards their wigwams, to which we shall now introduce our readers anticipating, however, their arrival by a few hours,

CHAPTER III.

Old Gaunt indeed; and gaunt in being old;
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast,
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
 SHAKSPEARE.

NOT far from the scene of our adventure, there was a considerable clearing, which ran for two miles along the river, stretching half a mile from its margin, towards the forest, when the level plain sloped gently into the cypress bottom. The clearing had been effected by burning the cane, in the place of which numerous clusters of trees had sprung up. Between these, ran irregular hedges of myrtle and mangrove, interspersed with palma-christi. The whole resembled a park with its clusters of trees and its shrubberies. On a nearer approach, however, the gray blue smoke might be seen curling from under them, through the mellow foliage; and here and there a single cabin nestling beneath a broad sycamore, and surrounded by patches of Indian corn, and tobacco, and a dusky form stealing through the shrubs, in that wary manner which long habit renders natural to the red race, indicated an Indian village. These outposts passed, the number of dwellings increased, and might perhaps, amount to about fifty.

There was no order nor regularity in their structure, and each proprietor seemed to have consulted his own taste, less than his indolent disposition. They were constructed of the simplest materials,—which nature presented them almost ready—the

smaller logs of the cotton tree, the interstices being filled up with gum, and tillandsea or Spanish moss. Instead of the rude elastic boards, generally seen in the western country, the roofs were covered with cane, which gave them an exquisite air of rural simplicity. Most of the cabins were without windows; in lieu of the door hung a buffalo hide, fastened on the door beam, and flung during daytime on the low roof.

There were, however, two cabins, or rather cottages of a larger size. Both nestled like the rest under a cotton tree, an expedient, certainly not adopted with any view to the beauty of the village, though it was in fact one of its principal charms; but rather as a defence against the rays of the scorching sun, which in those parts that may be called the link between North and the South America, are oppressive in the extreme. There was in the whole a tone both of grandeur and of rural simplicity. The bosom of the Natchez grew broader and broader, as it swelled towards the lake, the sombre cypresses and mangroves drooping their dark branches into its waters. The numerous clusters of trees, under which the cabins peeped forth like so many hermitages, the hill itself skirted on two sides by the bright waving cane, and on the third by the columnar range of forest trees, gave to the village an air of charming seclusion.

The human beings who enlivened this scene, were perhaps with few exceptions less charming, but taken in the whole scarcely less interesting. Immediately behind the outer cabins, a group of dusky, swarthy boys were seen gamboling and crawling on the ground not unlike a herd of monkeys; now twisted together in pliant and subtle folds like twining serpents, again rolling on the flowery carpet with an elasticity which would have made it impossible to the eye to follow their windings. Farther up groups of more adult per-

sonages were performing the discovery dance; while some wound themselves along the turf, others were sitting in a listening attitude, their bodies outstretched, their necks bent in the direction where their companions had disappeared behind the hedges; starting up suddenly and forming themselves into what is called an Indian file, and then advancing to the attack with threatening gestures; not a sound, however, escaped them, and like so many living mummies they moved forwards and backwards with the most uncouth, or at other times the most graceful, gestures. The huts, or rather cabins, were open and, with a few exceptions, occupied by the squaws and their daughters, busied with their daily work. Here and there, before the opening, hung the infants, stretched on an oblong hollow trough of bark, the arms and feet fastened to this cradle with buffalo thongs, and with no other dress than a light strip of cotton round the thighs, the most effective mode of keeping their forms during their life time, in that erect posture which is so characteristic of this race.

In front of one of these larger cabins, under a grove of palm trees and mangroves, sat a knot of about fifty men enveloped in a column of dense smoke, that proceeded from pipes two or three feet in length. They were almost all of them dressed in hunting shirts of cotton, their chests bare, with their girdles of wampum, to which their breech cloth was attached by a thong round their shoulders, and their tobacco pouches hung. They wore their hair, and none had a scalping tuft. The meeting seemed merely occasional, and of a private character: the men, however, sat according to their rank, the inner space being occupied by the elder members; while the younger formed the second and third ring. In the midst of this group, sat an old man, whose superior rank was evident, from his commanding attitude, and the extreme deference, with which he

was regarded. His frame consisted almost wholly of skin and bones, and the softer parts of his body apparently were dried up, leaving nothing but veins and sinews. His open hunting shirt presented a chest and shoulders comparatively much broader than those of the rest, and spread over with a terrible embossment of scars and wounds. There was an air of proud, stoic, mental suffering in the miko of the Oconees, on whom seven years of expatriation, and the fall of his unfortunate race had worked such a change. His head was sunk on his breast, and he was absorbed in thought.

"Then our people have lost half their lands," said an old Indian in the inner circle, with a tone, whose expression seemed midway between a question and a remark.

The individual whom we have described paused a moment, and without changing his attitude replied, in a low guttural tone, and with a dignity which seemed to exclude every doubt,—“An elk may run three times over their lands, between the rising and the setting sun.”

The Indian who had started the explanation uttered a deep plaintive howl; then, taking out of his pouch some tobacco, he held the leaves between his finger and thumb, and cut them into small particles, which he dropped into the palm of his hand; he then rubbed them for a while with his fingers into powder, and pressed it into the bowl of his pipe. He lighted the instrument by means of a bit of spunk, and resting the bowl on the ground, soon enveloped himself in a cloud of smoke.

“And the holy ground has been dyed with the blood of the red men,” now demanded another of the dark tribe.

“The graves of the slain red men are twenty times as numerous as the men of the Oconees whom my eyes behold,” returned the chief in the same

mournful tone. "Their bodies were strewed on the ground, like the leaves of the trees, and the long knife or the rifle of the white men was stained deep in blood. The Creeks will never face their enemies again. But," added he—and he now raised his head, his keen dark eye assuming a bright glance, and his features a lofty expression, "Tokeah foretold it to his brethren, when he spoke seven summers ago to them. Look," said he, "the white men are now few in number, and their strength is that of the vines that grow on our trees. A single stroke of the tomakawk may cut the feeble weeds, and free the tall trees from those that spread over our lands. But in ten summers they will wind their folds round the trees, and grasp them with their treacherous limbs, and stifle their growth. So the white men will become as numerous as the vines, and as the birds that cut the air with their wings: all the corn and the venison of the red men will not fill their ever empty mouths. Thus has the miko of the Oconeas spoken; he has sent his runners to the great Tecumseh, to brighten the link between the two people; his runners have smoked the pipe of peace with the chief, and he has promised to strike a blow when the Creeks shall raise the war-whoop. But the red men of the people of the Creeks and of the Muscogees have shut their eyes and ears. They have looked at Tokeah as one, who would sow weeds between them and the white people. Yes," said the chief, with emphasis, after a pause, "Tokeah wanted to sow weeds, to break the link which has not tied, but fettered the red men to the white; he wanted to sow weeds that he might destroy them, and clear the lands of his fathers. But the Creeks looked at the miko as a traitor, and the false tongue of red men, who liked the firewater of the whites, and their beads better than their brethren, has betrayed his talk to the white father, and Tokeah had to turn his back on the land

of his fathers, that he might not be given up to the enemies of his race. The Great Spirit has made the red men blind that they could not see their brother, and the son of the mikos of the Oconeese, from their enemies. They have suffered them to grow and to spread over their lands, and when their enemies had become as numerous as the buffalos on the hunting grounds of the great Cumanchees, then they raised their warwhoop, and——were broken and struck down."

A low plaintive moaning ran through the circle: none, however, dared to interrupt the speaker.

"Their white bones," continued he, "are now covered with earth, and their blood is no longer to be seen; their lands are no more their own, the canoes of the white men paddle on their rivers, their horses run on broad roads through the country, their traders have overrun it. What the gun and the big knife of the white man have not destroyed, his forked tongue, his firewater will do. Tokeah has seen the holy ground, and the burnt villages of his people,—he has seen too his brethren, lying before the houses with painted signs, like hogs; their guns and tomahawks besmeared with mud, themselves the scorn of the black men."

A deep groan escaped his listeners.

"The woods, where Tokeah has once hunted as a chief, as a mighty miko, he has beheld again like a thief, when the sun was down; he has seen his people, which was the flower of the red men, weltering in the mud."

When he had spoken these last words, his head sunk again into his hands.—A deep pause ensued.

"And has the great miko not talked to his brethren?" demanded now the same old man.

The chief raised his head, and looked at the speaker with a calm dignity.

"Has my brother forgotten, that the red men of

his people, have cut asunder the link which tied him to them, that he had to fly from the land of his fathers. A fool will talk twice. His brethren have shut their ears seven summers ago, when it was time to strike the blow; but his tongue was tied fast, when he saw his father's grave the last time—his heart was with his true men."

"Before long," continued he, "the Creeks will be turned out of their lands; they will drive them after the elks and deer that have sought the woods beyond the big river, and the Creeks will seek a place for their wigwams, on this side of the big river. Then will Tokeah extend his hands to receive them, he will open his wigwam. His men have plenty of venison and corn, and his girls know how to weave hunting shirts; he will divide with his men what he has, and join the link which is now broken."

A loud, but respectful burst of applause followed the last words of the chief, who again laid his head between his hands.

The sun now sunk amidst a flood of glory, mantling the hill, which was surrounded on every side by a thousand gorgeous dyes, reflected from the various tints of the foliage. Gradually the tops and summits melted from their golden splendour into obscure twilight, the bright silvery track on the unruffled mirror of the Natchez died away, and nature was sinking to repose. All was calm, silent, and magnificent.

The miko cast a last long glance at the lingering rays as they faded away; and then moving his feet forwards, rose on the ground, slowly and majestically, without the assistance of his hands. His rising was a signal for the rest, who, rearing themselves up in the same manner, seemed for a moment as if they were growing out of the earth.

The chief now stalked towards the large cabin,

and after having entered it, there sat down. The interior of the cottage was simple, but extremely inviting. It consisted of two apartments; separated from each other by folds of carpet. Both had glazed windows, and the floor and walls were matted. Round the latter, ran a low seat stuffed with moss, and covered likewise with a mat. A long table stood near one end of it, and the nicety in the arrangement of the simple furniture, betrayed the tasteful hand of a female. On one side of the wall hung a rifle of American manufacture, next to it a fowling-piece, and then a beautiful double-barrelled gun from Versailles. On the opposite side were arrayed the implements of Indian warfare; quivers of deer and alligator's skin, bows, scalping knives and tomakawks. In the midst of these weapons, hung a bag curiously worked in wampum, containing probably the arcana or mystic medicine which the descendant of the mikos had inherited from his ancestors; and to which, perhaps, he owed his authority over his tribe, as much as to his distinguished qualities as a warrior and hunter.

The twilight, so short in these regions, had settled into obscure darkness, when two female forms entered the apartment.

"My children have stayed long," said the old man, without looking up.

"They have gathered the grape, which my father likes so much," returned one of the females.

"Good," was the answer.

Canondah, for it was she who had returned with Rosa, now took an earthen vase and put some of the grapes in it; then placing a dish with dried venison and parched maize on the table, she filled an earthen mug and handed it to her father. The Indian drank and put it on the table, then cut a few thin slices from the dried haunch, and took a handful of parched corn. His repast was as short as the preparations

were, and scarcely a minute had elapsed, when the dishes were again removed.

"Are not my children hungry?" demanded he; after he had finished.

"They have eaten of the grape."

"Good," said the old man, reclining again his head upon his hands.

The girl had no sooner observed this movement, than she glided forward, and sinking down before the chief, she folded her arms on her bosom. He laid his hands on both her shoulders, as if blessing her. As soon as she felt the touch, she uttered a deep melodious humming, not unlike the gurgling of a brook. Gradually the sounds grew louder, and lowered to a soft guttural base, then they rose and warbled into the wild impassioned notes of her tribe. As she proceeded in her extempore song, her ardour seemed to communicate itself to the chief. He bent down to the singer, and his voice joined hers in its usual low guttural tone.

On a sudden the maiden paused, and raising her voice, she demanded the meaning of the wailings of her father. "Why," sung she, "is my father wailing? The Miko is far from his native land,—far from the graves of his fathers. But the Great Spirit is near him, his cloud hovers over Tokeah and covers him, that his white enemies may not see him, till he shall rise in his anger." And now she broke forth in a melancholy, wild, beautiful strain, singing the deeds of the great mikos of the Oconeas, on the war path, and in the hunting fields. Then she dwelt on the praise of her father, his wounds, and his deeds; she depicted the dangers of his passage across the big river; his piety, which prompted him to revisit the graves of his fathers; and lowering her voice she invoked the Great Spirit to clear his path from briars on the ensuing hunt. It was not, properly speaking, a song, but rather an improvisation. The rich me-

lody, however, the extraordinary flexibility of her voice, now descending to the lowest and softest base, now rising to its highest notes, and again warbling and issuing like the sighing of the wind, or the moaning of the stormy blast—gave to the performance an indescribable effect.

“My daughter,” said the old man, “has forgotten to sing the praise of the great chief of the Cumanchees.”

“She will whisper it into his ears when he shall be in the wigwam of her father.”

“Good,” said the chief.

“And has the White Rose no tongue to sing the song of the Oconees?” said he after a while.

Canondah turned round in the dark apartment, she felt with her hand in search of her friend, but she felt in vain; the White Rose was not in the room.

“She is under the big tree,” said she, moving slowly and with a heavy heart towards the door in quest of her.

When Rosa had entered with Canondah into the apartment, she retired to the folds which separated both rooms; there she stood watching with a throbbing heart the moment when the chief should have finished his meal, and given his usual sign for their retirement. As Canondah, however, sunk on her knees, and the well-known sounds of the night song began to rise, her heart almost sickened with impatience and disappointment. She had scarcely caught the first notes when she stole through the folds into her little room, threw off her rustling silk robe, and slipped on a light muslin dress; then taking a blanket from the bench, she threw it over a little basket and glided forward into the first room. Her heart beat almost aloud, her knees smote together, as she laid her hands on the mysterious bag of wampum; but a moment’s thought on the wound of the stran-

ger gave her strength. Happily, the sound of the united voices of father and daughter drowned the slight noise; and the room being completely dark, she stole through it without being observed.

The village was buried in profound sleep, the trees raised their gloomy looking tops in the dim moonlight; while the night mists were stealing from the stream, wreathing and creeping over the quiet dwellings. Not a human form was to be seen. Rosa stopped a moment, uncertain whether to take the nearest path through the village, or the more circuitous way through the forest. At last she darted forward like a frightened fawn. She ran swiftly, and it was not many minutes before she arrived at the entrance of the cave, breathless and nearly exhausted. She again hesitated a moment: her natural delicacy revolted, but it was only a moment. "The youth is cold sick and hungry," said she to herself, and removing the two logs from the entrance, she stepped in. The stranger was asleep. She cowered down, and raised the moss with which he was covered. The silk handkerchief was still wet with oozing gore, and she had no difficulty in loosening the bandage. A few drops of the healing balsam, produced a startling cry.

"For Heaven's sake be silent! The trees have ears, and the wind is blowing from below. It is I, it is Canondah," whispered she, with a voice whose trembling sound flatly contradicted her words.

"It is Canondah" said she, once more pouring a few drops of balsam into the wound. She covered it with soft bandages, and tied it fast. "There is the juice of the grape; here are eggs from the water birds, and venison; and this will keep you warm," said she, covering him with the blanket. Then gliding swiftly through the opening, she secured it and fled homewards. The nearer she came towards the cottage, the slower was her pace. She had

reached the avenue, when her eye caught the dim form of her friend.

"Rosa," muttered the Indian, "what have you done? the miko has asked for you."

"Here," said the maiden, breathless, handing her friend the vial, and both entered the cottage.

"The White Rose," said the old man, "has lost the blood from her cheeks; since the last two moons, her eyes are filled with water. The great chief of the Saltlake will dry it."

An involuntary sigh escaped the maiden; she began to weep and sob aloud.

"The White Rose," said the chief, in the same cold and steady tone, will be the wife of a great warrior, who will fill her wigwam with the spoils taken from his enemies. Her hands will never do work, and she will be envied by all the squaws."

When he had spoken these words, he raised his legs on the low couch, and, shrouding himself in his blanket, and lying down, soon fell asleep. Canondah seized the hand of her friend, and, drawing her into their room, laid her finger on her mouth; then leading her to her couch, she pressed her gently down. Rose seemed to understand the meaning of the Indian, and was silent. But it was in vain that she closed her eye,—the pale suffering form of the stranger stood before it. There was a storm rising in her guileless heart that seemed to banish all rest. Minute after minute passed, hour after hour, and still she could not sleep. At last a stir in the front room announced that their chief was awake. Canondah sprang up from her couch, and, as if aware of Rosa's restlessness, she stepped close up to her, once more laid her finger on her lips, and then hastened into her father's room.

The chief's preparations for the ensuing hunt were soon finished. He cast a pouch filled with tobacco, and shot, and a large powder-horn round his shoul-

ders; and putting his long knife in his girdle, took up his double barrelled gun. One of the young men came in to carry the bow and quiver with a bag filled with provisions. When the old man stepped out into the avenue, he found the whole band of his warriors and hunters already assembled. They had gathered from their cabins in the same silent manner, and they glided now behind their chief towards the bank of the river, and into their canoes, with a stealth which had something appalling.

"They are gone," said Canondah, who had accompanied the train to the water's edge, and again returned.

"Then let us hasten to the youth," said Rosa.

"The White Rose," said the Indian in a mild but serious tone "must sleep, or her pale face will betray, when the sun rises, what is buried in her bosom. My red sisters are very subtle, and their eyes are wide open. They would find the trail of their sister. A girl could now run after the miko. Canondah will look to the stranger, but her sister must sleep." She pressed the maiden gently on her couch, and disappeared behind the folds.

Whether the tender language of her friend, whose faithfulness and sisterly love she knew, or her own weariness contributed more to enforce this command, we are not able to determine. She, however, soon sunk into a profound repose.

CHAPTER IV.

Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is one trait in the character of the North American Indians, that speaks less in their favour than a painter of their manners might wish,—we mean their little respect towards women. It is, certainly, this want of respect, which contributes greatly to give to their character that fierce and savage ferocity, which makes an Indian history but one continued scene of bloody, treacherous warfare, or of disgusting indolence, without those softer reliefs, which a greater degree of female influence would necessarily introduce. Fierce and barbarous as the ancient Teutons were, their respect for women brings them nearer to our hearts, and it is perhaps in this single trait that the clue is to be found, to their ability to overthrow the Roman empire, and to give birth to the greatest and most civilized nations of modern times. It is this female influence, these softer tints, that cast their charms over our own age, and over those that are gone by. While a glow of the noblest feeling pervades our bosoms in perusing the history of the great Scipio, our hearts are but little touched by the exploits and dreary fate of the iron-hearted Charles the Twelfth, or the sanguinary Bajazet.

It is in these softer and more tender shadows, that the human heart reposes, after the agonies of the field of battle, and to which we love in all cases of

distress and difficulty to recur. No where had woman a more exalted and a more beneficial influence, than with the Romans, and never yet has there been a nobler people. It was the example and the influence of the Lucretias, Volumnias, and Cornelias, that gave to the conquerors of the world that grand and lofty sentiment, which pervaded both their public and private life, and those tints which relieve the mind so agreeably from the horrors of civil and military strife.

A people with whom woman is not justly respected, will always be found more or less barbarous; and the estimation of woman, her rank and station as a member of the commonwealth, are perhaps the surest standard by which to ascertain the claim of each nation to real civilization.

Woman is neither destined to be the drudge of man nor the slave of his sensual appetites. She should not be the frivolous plaything for idle hours, nor the presiding goddess at the board of pleasure. She is destined to be the partner of man's joys and woes, the friend of his bosom, the companion of his path through life, the guardian angel of his children and of a future generation. It is perhaps worthy of the study of the philosopher, in what degree these very savages, who have since emerged from their rude primitive condition have bettered the state of woman. The wives of the Cherokees are more like help-mates and partners of their husbands, than the women of any other Indian tribe. It is the natural course of things.

Our little community was, as we have seen, on the dawn of civilization; they had caught the first glimpse of manufactures, husbandry, and agriculture, during the time they dwelt in their native country; and though the condition of their women was far from what it should have been, yet neither were these faint rays of culture, nor the stationary influ-

ence of the white families who had lived among them entirely lost. They were still the drudges of their husbands and parents, it is true; they had to sow and to hoe their corn, to plant their tobacco, to weave their hunting coats, and to tan their deer and alligator's skins, but the settled state of the community, had with the increase of wants increased the importance of the women. Perhaps the circumstance contributed not a little, that Canondah was the only child of the miko whose influence was paramount, and almost unlimited with the tribe.

There was a shrewdness in this girl, which made her avail herself of every circumstance, that seemed likely to contribute something toward spreading the net of her dominion over the men. She had a thousand means of bettering the condition of her sisters. She had been brought up in one of the establishments, introduced by the humane Colonel Hawkins for improving the moral condition of the Creeks. There she had been instructed in those arts of housewifery, that would have made her an excellent helpmate in any family. She knitted and wove admirably, her gowns and hunting shirts fitted best; her wine was more savoury and stronger than that prepared by the other girls and squaws, and she had even caught a glimpse of the secret of distilling whiskey from Indian corn, which she kept a profound mystery from the rest of the tribe, and which could not fail to establish her dominion completely. She knew well how to maintain it. The willing ones were rewarded with a calabash of the delicious firewater, which she with the same shrewd smile and laughing mien filled to the dogged with pure well water. She had the means of pleasing every one, and of governing all.

The morning scarcely began to dawn, when the dusky forms of the squaws and of their daughters, were seen hobbling and gliding towards the spot

where their men and fathers had embarked a few hours before. The stream formed there a small cove, in which the navy of the tribe, when at home, was quietly riding at anchor, or rather dangling by a rope of wallap. On both sides of the little harbour the banks rose to about twenty feet, and they were covered with myrtles and mangroves, through which wound a path up and down to the cane-brake.

To judge from the number of females gathered, in order to gratify the wishes of their favourite, the work which was to be done seemed a sort of Indian frolic. One could distinguish the grandmothers, whose coarse glossy locks were lightly silvered, their mummy-like countenances deeply furrowed with wrinkles, their whole cast of features betraying sombre fierceness, and a latent savage passion, which seemed only to wait an opportunity to burst forth in its unbridled ferocity; the mothers showed countenances more placid, and evidently already softened by the influence of the white people; but the girls were almost throughout well-formed and graceful, and if it had not been for the hard labours they performed, and their prominent cheek-bones, some would have afforded exquisite models for the sculptor. They were dressed in short calico gowns, with their hair hanging round their shoulders. The squaws had, besides their gowns, a blue petticoat. All of them wore mocasins, and most had silver ear-rings. When the female party was assembled, one of the old squaws formed them into three groups, to each of which a separate part of the labour was assigned. Its character now more distinctly appeared. It was the building of a birchen canoe. The first knot had to cut stakes, which they drove into the ground, at certain distances, to the number of forty. The second sewed pieces of bark together with wallap, and placed them on the stakes, on which they

fastened them, the bark hanging loose, and in folds not unlike the cover of a book with its back downwards, the edges up, and the leaves out. The third division put cross-pieces in to press the rim out, thus giving to the upper edges the form which the canoe was to have. They afterwards fixed the ribs in, laid their sheathing in strips between them and the bark, and these ribs pressed the bark out so as to give form and figure to the bottom, and to the sides of the canoe. When the work was so far finished, they put weights and stones on the bottom of the ribs, which had been previously soaked, and then they left it to dry. The whole was done in silence, and with a demureness which had something strange in it. There was no giggling, no talking. Each of them performed her task without noise, and the only one who seemed to enjoy a little more freedom, was Canondah. The restless girl glided among her dusky companions with the air of an indulged child, whispering now into the ear of a favourite, again assisting another, or forcing a placid smile on the demure countenance of a third. When the women had completed their task, they separated in the same silent, and taciturn manner.

Canondah tripped towards her father's cottage. She found Rosa still sleeping. A tender smile played round the beautiful mouth, her finely modelled lips moved and whispered; Canondah bent over the enchanting form, and could not resist pressing a kiss on her lips. The maiden opened her eyes, and seeing her friend she whispered,—

“Canondah! I had a dream, I saw him; he stood in a deep, deep valley, and he stretched his hand out for me; and I raised him. Have you seen him? And is he not more sick? And does he not look pale and tremble with cold? And has he eaten of the fruits, and drunk of the wine?”

"Rosa," returned the Indian, with an arch smile, "has not talked so much these twenty suns. The youth is under the big tree."

"But how came he there? You did not let him walk?"

"The shoulders of Canondah have borne him?"

"And the trail, that we have left, and the big serpent, and the broken cane,"—said the charming maiden, blushing in girlish confusion at the innocent cheat which she was playing upon her friends.

The Indian, whose additional six years had doubtless rendered her more experienced in those little stratagems, one of which her friend seemed willing to practise, broke out into a loud fit of merry laughter.

"But Canondah," said she, how you delight to torment poor Rosa.

"Look there," said the Indian, "how the White Rose has turned a cheat in one night, she will tell her sister of her trail and the broken cane. She cares no more about them than the miko for beads, while her heart thinks on the white youth. Canondah will whip her White Rose for it. But come," added she, handing her a dress of somewhat coarser materials, than that she wore the day previous, "Rosa must take this, and cheat the squaws too."

The maiden slipped with a sigh into the calico gown, flung a silk handkerchief over her bosom, and tripped before the cabin, where a clear spring was bubbling. In a few moments she was again on the side of the Indian, who pointed to the table where their breakfast was standing,—two baskets with grapes and cakes of Indian corn, and a cup filled with milk. Rosa waited in silence for the moment, when the Indian would open the conversation, casting only now and then a shy fugitive glance at her; but the dogged girl remained obstinate, and she

glided through the door as soon as she had done eating.

Rosa set down to her little work-table with a sigh, to busy herself over a gown which she intended for Canondah's bridal dress.

Perhaps three hours might have elapsed when the Indian returned, a smile of satisfaction played over her countenance, and taking Rosa's hand, she drew the maiden after her towards the bank of the stream, and the harbour, where the woman and girls were again assembled round the canoe, waiting only for the daughter of their chief. As soon as the maidens had reached the place of the common rendezvous, the stakes on which the canoe was fastened were removed, and all hands were employed in gumming the seams. It was done in a few minutes. Once more the old squaw who had superintended the whole, inspected the work, and then Canondah beckoned to a couple of boys, who seized the canoe and bore it towards the water. She advanced at the same time with two Indian girls, who carried paddles in their hands; and pushing the swarthy archers aside, she shoved the canoe into the stream.

"Rosa is very timid," said she, turning towards the woman; "she cannot go along"—and the three girls bounded with a single leap into the bark that floated light as a feather on the stream. A shout of joy burst from the lips of the multitude. Canondah waved her hand gracefully, and seized the paddle. Nothing could exceed the skill with which she handled it. She sat in the stern dropping the paddle into the water; and, inclining forward with her body and arms, she brought the handle quickly to a line with her shoulders: then she turned its edge to the current, and regained her course with the backward inclination of the paddle. The mode of their paddling differs from our measured rowing, and resembles strikingly the motion of an aquatic

fowl, when in the water. As the duck throws forward its foot with a quick push, thus forcing it back again; so, and with no less slight, the girls handled their paddles. They darted a short distance up the stream, turned suddenly down, again they flew up, and again glided down the current. All at once a sudden piercing cry was heard from the direction in which the canoe had shot along. For a moment the women, girls, and boys stood still, and the next they scampered and hobbled away on the path along the cane-brake, and in the direction where we left the stranger. Rosa grew pale, and she turned with a faltering step towards the well-known path, following the multitude with a panting heart. She had a guess of the device of her friend, but dawning love is anxious, and Rosa began to feel its symptoms. When she arrived near the cotton tree the last of the train, she found squaws, girls, and boys, collected round the stranger, a sullen and a wondering group. A hollow murmur rolled round the dark circle, in the midst of, and only a few paces from the youth, Canondah was standing. He leaned still on the trunk of the tree with his eyes closed, insensible to what passed around him.

"Look," said the Indian, waving her hand to the squaws, who now opened the ring, and speaking with that assurance which marked all her doings and sayings,—“look, the great chief of the Saltlake has sent a runner in his canoe, and he has been bitten by the serpent of the water.”

She spoke these words with so much unconcern, her previous ramble on the river was so natural a trial of the swiftness of the canoe, and her excursion down to the bend so unintentional—she had suffered her two companions in so ingenious a manner to make the discovery of the youth, and had then rushed with so much eagerness through the open track of the cane-break, that both girls explain-

ed to the assembled multitude their discovery with an assurance, which clearly showed that they had not the least suspicion of any deception practised upon them. Some of the old squaws were seen creeping towards the cane-break, but Canondah left them no time for further scrutiny. Waving her hand, she directed some of the girls to prepare a litter. They obeyed instantly, cut two sapplings down, laid stems of cane across, and covered them with tillandsea. To this couch the youth could be safely trusted, and the female commander once more waved her hand, and putting the train under the superintendence of Rosa, she darted with her two companions again through the cane-break.

The group moved slowly and in silence towards the village, where they found Canondah, who had returned in the birchen canoe, already waiting. She preceded them to the cottage of her father. She opened the door, and pointing to the bench, the bearers laid the wounded stranger down. The crowd remained outside.

“Rosa must stay here, while Canondah is talking with the squaws.” And so saying, she slid out into the avenue with an air which seemed to soften a little her father’s austerity.

The maiden sat down on the bench, anxiously looking at the youth, who lay deadly pale, and shaking with the symptoms of a wound fever, that had increased during his exposure to the damp night and morning air. Canondah again entered at the door, through which, after some minutes, she was followed by an old squaw, who carried a bundle of dry herbs in her hand. The hideous representative of *Æsculapius*, for such was her capacity, hobbled towards the youth, lifted his arms and legs with more ease than might have been expected, and after a minute’s deep examination, again trotted away.

"To-morrow the cold will be gone," said Canondah, "but we must not pour more balsam into his wound."

The old squaw came again with a kettle that contained a decoction of herbs. She poured part of it into an earthen mug, and while Canondah raised the patient, she presented it to him. It was long before they could make him comprehend their meaning. He opened his dim, almost sunken eyes, but shut them again, and suffered the old squaw to pour the drug into his mouth. Soon after he had received the draught, drops of perspiration began to appear on his forehead. The squaw laid her hand on it, and filled the mug a second time; after she had repeated the draught, she swathed him carefully in blankets. A grinning laugh distorted the withered features of this compound of ugliness still more, as she pointed triumphantly to the expected symptoms of her drug; and she quaffed the mug, which Canondah had replenished with liquor, with an air that showed how fully she was conscious of having deserved the recompense. Making a significant gesture with her hand, she lifted her fingers up, and shrunk out of the room.

The female council seemed to have left on the countenance of Canondah a cast of gravity, that caused poor Rosa a light tremour, when the Indian seized her hand, and led her into the inner room. She followed, not unlike the damsel of fifteen, who is called by the authoritative boarding-school mistress, to the dreaded *tete-a-tete*, brought about by certain love tokens, which the shrewd eye of the careful dame had intercepted.

"Rosa," said the Indian, when they were seated on the couch in their little room, "Canondah has cheated the eyes of the squaws of her people, that she may lighten the smile of joy on the cheeks of her sister." She paused. "She has taken the

enemy of her people, and of the chief of the Salt-lake, into the wigwam of her father—the spy.”

“Oh! no, Canondah,” exclaimed Rosa, “look only into the face of my brother. Does he look as if his tongue was false? Does he look like an enemy of his people?”

“My sister is very young, and she does not know the enemy of the white people. They send their young men into the villages of the red people, to count their cattle, and their corn-fields, and their skins, and when they return, they show their brethren the path that leads to the red villages, and they come and take all from them, and drive them into the woods.”

“And does my sister think,” said Rosa, timidly, “that the youth is one of the spies?”

The Indian shook her head doubtfully.

“Does he not speak with their tongue. Look, my sister,” added she, after a moment’s reflection, “Canondah has extended her hand in friendship towards the stranger, when she saw that the heart of the White Rose yearned after him; but she has not acted like the daughter of the great miko. She has put the night between him and the miko; and now she takes him into her father’s wigwam, when he has left it.”

“But he would have died in the woods! Look how he trembles with cold! the fever shakes his limbs, the morning and night air is very cold, and the fogs are wet.”

“And the miko,” said the Indian; “he will not clench his fist against a brother, to whom his daughter has extended her hand. But when his daughter has been a fool, and has extended her hand to an enemy of her people, will the face of the miko not darken on the girls?”

“Must he know of the stranger?” whispered

Rosa, hesitatingly, as if afraid of giving utterance to her words.

A light smile of scorn passed athwart the countenance of the Indian. "The miko of the Oconees," said she, with a light touch of pride, "will scent the air of a white man ten suns after he has breathed it, and he will see the print of his feet twenty suns, after he has left it in the grass. Canondah may cheat the squaws, but she cannot cheat the miko. And will the squaws not tell this to the warriors and hunters, what their eyes have seen? and will the warriors not whisper into the ears of the miko? and shall the daughter of Tokeah stand before her father like a liar? No," said she, "Canondah loves the White Rose very much, but she must not cheat her father. If the youth be a scout of the white men, her father will see."

"And my brother?" said Rosa, trembling.

"Will learn to die," said the girl, with a firm decided tone. "But the youth is hungry, and Canondah must cook for him."

Rosa knew the temper of her friend, in whom the softer feelings of her sex, were strikingly blended with a strength of mind that gave to all her sayings and doings an air of absolute decision. She was one of those tender, passive beings, who, resigning themselves without murmur to the guidance of others; not from any unfeeling indifference or imbecility, but from that innate and delicate sensibility, which is aware of the delight, which compliance with wishes of others give them. It was, perhaps, owing as much to the delicate passiveness, with which she now suffered herself to be borne along by the more decided will of Canondah; as to her transcendent beauty, that she had become the delight, not only of her friend, but even of the cold father. She now followed the Indian with a trembling heart.

Five hours had passed, and the moon stood high, when a light stir from the patient announced that he was awaking. Canondah lighted a torch, and the old squaw entered shortly after. She approached the couch and examined her patient with great attention. There was something in the appearance of the groupe, that seemed to excite any thing but agreeable sensations in him, who now, for the first time, unclosed his eyes. The withered, dusky form of the old crone, as she peered into his face, and raised his hands, pointing with uncouth gestures to the tinge of white that began to appear on his forehead; her triumphant grinning, lit up as it was by the livid glare of the torch-light, had too much of the terrible in it, and was only little relieved by the more graceful form of Canondah, who stood silent by her side; while Rosa lingered in the back-ground. When the old squaw had finished her examination, she made a significant gesture with the hand, and left the room.

The girls hastened now to put those refreshments before their guest, which the skilful hand of Canondah had prepared during his sleep. She placed a young wild duck roasted under the turf, with Indian skill on the table; while Rosa filled a cup with wine, and after having sipped a little, handed it to the youth. His half-dimmed eyes stared at the two forms, with an expression in which wonder and excitement were strongly mingled. He had raised himself into a sitting posture, with the assistance of Canondah, and took the cup. His lips, probably accustomed to a more pleasant juice of the grape, became a little awry; but the generous glow of warmth, which the beverage imparted, and its mild flavour, seemed to reconcile him to its bitter and acid taste, and he repeated the draught with better success. He then took a slice cut by Canondah and a cake of Indian corn.

There is in the very mode of eating, something indefinable, that imperceptibly opens the mind, and giving us a clue to the character of those among whom chance has thrown us. The miser or ego-tist, whose furtive glance is stealing and devouring the whole table, while he rests with a sort of growling discontent over his own small share; the coarse feeder, who seizes every thing with avidity and without discrimination; the sensualist, whose soul seems to hover on his tongue, may with a hundred other characters be more easily traced at the table, than any where else.

It seemed as if the girls were feeling something like this. Their eyes fell from time to time on the stranger, as he took with his fingers the offered gifts. There was a delicacy and an ease in his manner of eating, so far from the coarse avidity of the family of the backwoodsman, which hung still before the memory of Rosa, or the still more uncouth mode of the younger savages, who would fall tooth and nail upon their half raw venison, that it seemed to give her at once an insight into the soul of their guest. Though she herself had no idea of high breeding, yet there is in female nature a certain tone of correctness that is seldom or never mistaken. She regarded him from this moment with a respect, which bordered on awe. Even Canondah seemed to look with less suspicion on him.

When he had finished his light repast, Canondah laid him again softly on his cushion, and then she began to loosen the bandages, that covered his wound. Her fingers touched gently the wounded parts, and with so much delicacy and skill did she perform her task, that her patient fell again asleep in the midst of her operations.

"The balsam will heal the wound in two suns," said she confidently; blowing at the same time the

torch-light out, and casting her arm round Rosa, whom she drew towards their little room.

But Rosa, as soon as she perceived the first symptoms of Canondah's sleep, rose softly from her couch, and stole through the curtain to the feet of her white brother.

CHAPTER V.

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
SHAKSPEARE.

THE extraordinary skill which the Indians possess in curing flesh wounds and fevers, to which their affinity to the woods and swamps expose them more or less, appeared strikingly in our youth, when he awoke next morning. The wound fever, and the ague which he had caught while exposed to the night and morning air, were gone, and the ghastly yellow hue of his complexion had changed into a healthier white, with a slight tinge of red, that promised a speedy recovery. An excessive lassitude still remained, but that was probably owing to previous exertions and privations. He felt himself sufficiently strong to rise into a sitting posture, and to glance at the different objects that presented themselves to his view. Before him stood the simply constructed, but clean table, spread with such delicacies as the genial climate, and the primitive simplicity of these children of the forest had been able to furnish. They seemed to have been collected with a nice regard to his state of health. Fresh laid eggs of aquatic birds, wild honey and grapes, with jellies, and a couple of quails, were tastefully arranged in the earthen dishes. While his eye ran from these objects over the decorations of the room, the two girls entered.

“Good morning, my sisters!” said he, with a voice still faint, but clear and manly.

The compliment was returned in silence.

The Indian glanced at him, as if to inquire into the state of his health, and then drawing herself a little up, she stepped close before him.

"My white brother," said she, after a pause, "is come in the canoe of the great chief of the Saltlake; has he lived in his wigwam, and smoked the pipe of peace with him?"

The meaning of the Indian, though expressed in her figurative style, and broken guttural English; could not be mistaken.

"Chief of the Saltlake—you do not mean the pirate of Barataria?"

He did not pronounce the last word, but looked at the Indian, whose eye was rivetted on him with a calm, scrutinizing expression.

"Where am I?" exclaimed he now, in a tone whose hollow sound betrayed the fearful agitation of his mind.

"Fear nothing, my brother!" lisped Rosa, whose tender heart could not bear the struggle that manifested itself on the face of the youth. "The daughter of the miko has extended her hand in friendship,—my brother is safe."

There was a tenderness in the tone of her voice, an humble delicacy in her movements as she crossed her beautiful hands before her bosom, that gradually chased away the clouds which hovered on his brow. As he looked up to the being who thus encouraged him, the expression of his countenance changed visibly into that of surprise; till his eye became, to use an Indian term, "wide open with wonder and admiration."

But the fierce little Indian left him no time for admiration; she seemed to have laid aside all her softer feelings.

"My brother is very young," resumed she, "to go on the war-path against the great chief of the Saltlake. He must first learn to hunt the deer and

the buffalo, and to strike the big water-serpent, before he fights his enemies, or the girls of his people will weep over their fallen young brother."

There was an air of pity, mingled with a light contempt, that raised a transient blush on his cheek. He glanced at the speaker, as if to inquire into the relation in which she stood with the dreaded pirate; but her calm, immovable features gave no clue to any conclusion.

"And why do you suppose your brother," said he, adopting the same appellation, "has been on the war-path against the great chief, as you call the pirate?"

"Look!" returned the Indian, in the same calm and torturing tone, accompanying her words with lively gestures, "when the red people go on the war-path against their enemies, they strike the warriors and chiefs of their foes either dead on the spot, or they catch them, to show them to their young men and their girls, and sing their deeds that they may become brave as they are; but then they watch them, that they may not run away from them. But my young white brother is none of the warriors or chiefs, his hands are very tender, and have never raised a tomahawk. The great chief has caught him with the boys and girls of his people, and has sent him to his village. The chief of the Saltlake is very great, and he strikes men, but he cares not for women and girls."

When she had uttered her taunting speech, she watched his face keenly, as if to read the impression her words had made. Rosa's eyes were rivetted on the stranger, and her countenance betrayed intense anxiety. The youth, who seemed to find gradually the key to the heart of his fierce little antagonist, replied—

"Does a great chief strike people who have no arms, or does he rob women, when they are on

their way to see their mother? Only cowards do that—the brave warrior strikes only men.”

The manner with which he uttered these words raised the interest of the Indian.

“And has not my white brother been among those who went on the war-path against the chief of the Saltlake? Has he not been caught with his weapons? Then he has been caught as a spy, as a scout, for he speaks with the tongue of the enemies of the red people, and of the great chief—or does my brother talk with a double tongue?”

“You do your brother injustice,” said the youth, with some embarrassment. “He is neither a spy, nor is he come on the war-path against the great chief. He was on his way to see his mother. Has my sister never heard of a great people beyond the Saltlake, whose big canoes cover the sea?—see! your brother is one of these people: he came many thousand miles across the big Saltlake, and his tongue is the tongue of a true Englishman. He is from England.”

“England!” muttered the Indian, whose geographical knowledge was rather limited, as may be supposed—“then my brother is none of the people who are the enemies of the red men, and who have driven them from their lands. And he is come,” added she, with a voice somewhat milder, “with his hands extended, and not on the war-path against the chief: he did not come as a spy?”

“Certainly not,” replied the youth, who fell gradually into the strain of the Indian; “England has always been the friend of the red men,” added he, with a truth of expression, which implied either ignorance of the measures of his country in those points, or a prudent dissimulation.

The Indian paused thoughtfully.

“My way,” continued he, “lies far from that of the pirate, but he crossed our path, and took us, the

friends of your people, prisoners. See, my sister," added he, after a short pause, "I have escaped from the strong hold of the pirate, but it was not my intention to come to your village. A strong south-easterly breeze drove my boat into the mouth of the lake, from which I ascended the river on which your village is situated, without knowing whither I was going. My way lay towards the mouth of the Mississippi, to the white people; I sought them, though they are at war with my own people, yet they would have given me a big canoe, to return home."

"The white people!" said the Indian, with an air of scornful fierceness, "they would have killed you."

"No, my good sister," said the Englishman, "they would have received me as their brother, because I am no warrior, and not come to kill their sons."

The Indian shook her head incredulously. "My brother makes a fool of Canondah."

"See!" said the youth, with an air of painful embarrassment, from the difficulty of bringing his expressions to a level with the capacity of his auditor; "we have warriors, and counsellors, tradesmen, merchants, and thousands of other people, who, when our warriors are in the field, or, as you say, on the war-path, are carrying on their business in peace; and, if they are taken prisoners, they are not treated as enemies."

Rosa had stood all the while a silent and attentive listener, her mien brightened gradually with the explanation given by the Englishman; she now touched the Indian lightly, and whispered to her.

"My brother speaks true," said she, after a minute's conversation, "the red people are not less brave than the white. My brother is welcome."

There had been a little art practised on both sides.

While the Indian tried with the simpler powers of investigation at her command, to lay open the character of her guest, the more skilful Englishman had partially succeeded in dispelling the clouds of suspicion which his visit had so naturally caused.

"Where is your father, dear child?" demanded the Englishman; "you are not yet married?"

"The miko is gone with the warriors to the hunting grounds, and he will not return these twelve suns," replied the Indian.

The Englishman's countenance lit up with a beam of hope.

"And my sister," said he with an insinuating tone, "will show her brother the path that leads to the village of the white people."

"My brother," said the Indian, and a light frown again flew over her features, "is welcome to the wigwams of the red people, but he must stay till the miko comes back."

"Till the miko comes back!" repeated he, considerably crest-fallen.

A pause ensued that lasted for some minutes. The Englishman seemed to struggle, uncertain whether to speak, or to defer what lay so near his heart, until a better opportunity. At last he said,—

"Has my child ever known a sister of hers, to whom she was attached with all her heart?"

The Indian glanced at him, and then threw both her arms round the neck of Rosa, and pressed half a dozen kisses on her lips.

"How would she like to lose her sister?" said the youth, who felt himself touched by the tender affection of the Indian.

"Canondah could not live without the White Rose."

"And if the White Rose should be torn from her side, would she not try every means to save her?"

"Canondah would give her life for the White Rose."

"Look!" said the youth, "in the vessel in which I came from England, was my sister with four of our servants. She is kind as you are, and almost as fair as your sister. We were going to see our mother, when the pirate took our vessel and led us into captivity. I have been so happy as to escape, but not for my own sake. I escaped to save my sister, either with the assistance of the white people who are our enemies, or to go to the country of my own people, and to return with a big armed canoe to rescue her from the hands of the pirate. So, my good sister," added he, "I have not a day to lose, every moment brings dangers."

"Your sister," demanded the Indian with a gleam of joy in her countenance, "is in the hands of the chief of the Saltlake, and he keeps her in his wigwam."

"You may believe me."

"And how many suns is it, since the sister of my brother has been in the wigwam of the chief of the Saltlake?"

"Twenty-one days."

"The presents, which the chief has sent," said she, turning to Rosa, "are only fourteen suns old."

Rosa replied in the affirmative.

"And does the chief of the Saltlake want two women, when the great miko of the Oconees had never more than one?" said she with an air of fierce scorn; which, however, changed suddenly, as she clasped Rosa in her arms. "The White Rose," exclaimed she, with a triumphant mien, "must weep no more; the miko will return the presents; he will not suffer the White Rose to be carried away by the chief of the Saltlake."

"And my good sister," resumed the youth, who perceived that his discovery seemed likely to prove

a serious obstacle to his plans, "will not clear the path of her brother, whom she has received so generously into her wigwam?"

"My brother is welcome," returned the Indian with a triumphant air, "and he shall have plenty of every thing, but he must stay till the miko returns; if the great chief has taken his sister, and keeps her in his wigwam, he will make her his wife, and she will be the wife of a great warrior."

Having thus, as she conceived, given to her guest the last consolation, she was going to leave the room, when Rosa arrested her once more.

"And does my sister think, that whom Rosa abhors, the sister of my white brother will love?—And will she not help a kind sister of hers?"

"And the miko, when he returns from the hunting grounds, and finds that the young man is gone?"

"Canondah must tell, that Rosa has cleared his path," whispered she, with a downcast look.

"And Rosa?" interrupted the Indian, darting an impatient glance at her, "Go! Canondah would rather die."

The Englishman looked after the girls, as they now glided through the door, like one spell bound. At the well meant consolation of Canondah, indeed, a light sneer passed over his countenance, but remembering how entirely different the ideas of an Indian must necessarily be from his own, he composed himself. Though they had spoken the latter words in the Indian language, yet the attitude of resignation, the humble mien with which Rosa folded her hands on her bosom, and the horror of the Indian, gave him partly a clue to what had passed between them.

"But who is this being, so strange, so tender, and yet so beautiful, who is stepping like a mediating genius between me and this haughty savage?" demanded he of himself. "How came she among these

Indians? Surely she has been carried off by the pirate. And how came she by her dress? the latest London fashion!" Indeed he recollected to have seen his sister in a robe of the same shape, but then she spoke the Indian language, as it seemed, fluently. The more these different mysteries weighed on his mind, the more confused his ideas became; but he was still more embarrassed by the novelty of his situation, and the persons by whom he was surrounded, whose simplicity, if amusing on the one hand, corresponded on the other, so little with the higher flight of thought and expression to which he had been accustomed. There was in the situation of our Englishman, helpless and melancholy as it appeared, something extremely romantic: captured, as we have seen him to be, by the Pirate of Baratania, on his passage to one of the western islands; he found himself, after a solitary confinement, and a still drearier exposure on the gulf of Mexico, suddenly thrown among Indians, and near one of the most beautiful beings his eyes had ever beheld. The very romantic and daring impulse, that prompted him to escape in a stormy night from the strong hold of the pirate, in hope of reaching the mouth of the Mississippi, and thus perhaps liberating a dear sister, with the assistance of a rival but generous enemy, wrought gradually within him something like a tender interest in the beautiful Rosa.

A solitary confinement in a neat rural cottage, with no other object before his eyes than a fascinating maiden, placed in still stronger relief by a fine little Indian figure, could not but excite those romantic sentiments which slumber in the heart of every warm feeling youth. But there was also something, which seemed to contend powerfully against the soft sentiments, which began gradually to creep into his bosom.

Perhaps it was that sort of indifference, or rather

pride, with which a young man of higher rank looks down upon every object that he thinks below his sphere; a sort of shyness; a dread of entering into a nearer connexion, that might not quite correspond with his higher claims. Perhaps this shyness was the natural consequence of a superior education, which we must allow to one who had embarked with four attendants, and who was, as the ladies will observe, so acute and so critical an observer of female fashions. Probably his education and his rank, had brought him into frequent intercourse with the fair sex of higher ranks. A young man of good family, who from his connexions and respectability is admitted into the more refined circles, and surrounded from childhood with models of grace and beauty, will gradually lose, or rather never experience that ardour, which overpowers so much, the more secluded and humbler youth, at first sight of more than ordinary beauty. The contact into which he necessarily comes, will make him choose the object of his affection with more coolness, than otherwise might be expected from him, and he will form a serious connexion, only after having convinced himself that the essential requisites of future happiness are to be found in his choice. It was perhaps under these different impulses and views that our Englishman looked upon the fair maiden. Her surpassing beauty had evidently excited his interest, but prudence seemed to repress his feelings. His heart lay in his eye, but his tongue was governed by cooler reason. And a reserve began visibly to come over him, that tended to make the life of the three inhabitants of the cottage painful. The girls seemed to grow more reserved, in the same proportion. They had not, since the first conversation, spoken a single word. They were still all attention to him, and even more so now than before, but preserved an unbroken silence. The Indian regularly performed the task of

a surgeon, while Rosa handed him his meals. On these occasions her hand would tremble, indeed; a shy furtive glance would steal on him, as he took the cup, and her eye would sink on the floor with a timid expression; her bosom would heave, and a crimson blush would mantle over her cheek and neck; but just when he was going to break the silence with a lofty condescending ease, to which he had schooled and studied himself through hours before, the nameless grace which pervaded her movements, and her mild dignity tied his tongue, and made him look with a confusion which did not even escape the fair maiden. There was something singular in this. It was not an awkward bashfulness, the besetting sin of an Englishman when in the presence of strangers. It seemed as if the delicate being looked up to him with awe, but still with a dignity, a nobleness, which inspired him with a sentiment, not unlike that with which a pious Catholic regards his favourite saint.

It was the visible power which pure uncontaminated innocence exercises with undisputed sway, over those who come within its enchanting influence.

CHAPTER VI.

O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was the night of the fourth day since our Englishman had become an inmate of the cottage. He felt his strength almost returned. The healing balsam had effected wonders, and already cicatrised the wound, so as to make bandages superfluous.

He had slept for a couple of hours, when a light rushing noise on the mat, awakened him. He looked round and caught the shadow of a figure that disappeared through the door. At the same time long and loud flashes of a glaring light illumined the room. The Englishman sprung up. "The village is on fire," exclaimed he, rushing towards the door.

"Don't be alarmed," said the soft voice of Rosa, who opened the door and stood on the threshold, "our girls and women are performing the night-dance."

The mournful tones of musical instruments were now distinctly heard.

"Night dance!" repeated the Englishman. "Am I permitted to see it?"

"The night is very cool and damp, and the mists are spreading fast from the river. My brother must not walk in the dark night, or he will catch the fever again. But," added she, after a pause, "my

brother may see the girls dancing from the window of Rosa's room."

So saying she tendered him her hand, and led him through the partition curtains into her apartment. It was lighted by a small window that looked out on the bank of the stream.

A scene presented itself worthy the pencil of Michael Angelo. Round the cove where the canoe had been built four days previous, a group of more than a hundred squaws, girls, and boys, was assembled in a wide circle, each of them holding in one hand a burning pine torch, in the other a bell.

Four of the company occupied a separate place in the circle, and played on Indian drums, and Indian flutes.

The former of these instruments resembled a tambourine with rattles, which the boys who performed held in their hands, striking it with a stick. The second was a flute with three holes. Its tones were mournful in the extreme.

The sounds elicited from these instruments were at first faint, slow, and deadened, but they rose by degrees and quickened, as if to rouse the passions of the dancers. When they had changed into a double strophe, the light and graceful form of Canondah was seen rising and entering the circle. Her dance was singular. At first she glided, or rather wound herself round the sitting copper figures, with serpentine quickness, then she assumed a perpendicular attitude, her feet moved close together, and she scarcely lifted them, but kept time to the thumping of the drum by raising her heels and turning her feet in the same direction. Her gestures were strong, chaste, expressive, and graceful. When she had danced for some minutes, she wheeled at last round and took her seat.

Two girls succeeded, performing the same dance, though with less dignified gesture. When they had

finished, a boy with a crown of plumes on his head, entered the circle. His countenance was painted, and he seemed particularly anxious to heighten its ferocious expression, by a mien as fierce as his juvenile features could assume. Another boy, accoutred in the same manner, jumped after him into the circle, both blowing, gesticulating, and singing. On a sudden they bounded towards the musicians, seized the drums, and running towards the circle, beat them near the faces of the Indians. And now all the women and girls rose, stalking, running, and galloping like so many mad creatures, after the two boys, sounding their bells, swinging their torches, and shrieking.

The blaze of more than a hundred torches, glaring in all directions, and reflected from the wide mirror of the stream; the copper figures resembling with their blazing brands, so many demons; the old squaws with their dishevelled glossy hair, floating round their withered necks and shoulders; their ungainly threatening gambols; and the sombre melancholy sound of the Indian flute, that resounded like a death knell, gave to the sight an inexpressible character of fierce and demoniacal revelry. On a sudden the torches were blown out, and the whole scene was involved in darkness.

The Englishman felt a cold shudder creep over him, as he stood at the little window. He involuntarily drew nearer the maiden, and seized her hand.

"It is a frightful sight, indeed," said he, "and Rosa, how could she live among such beings?"

"Oh! they have been very kind to Rosa," whispered she, "but,—"

"But," resumed he, "you have been carried off by the pirate—"

"Oh! he will do it," was her reply, covering her face with her other hand.

There is nothing more calculated to awaken sympathy, than to see a tender and innocent being in danger. It rouses our chivalric spirit, our most latent energies.

"Never!" exclaimed he, forgetting his own helpless situation, in the danger of the beautiful being, "Arthur will protect you."

"Arthur!" repeated she, musing. It was as if his name had brought him still nearer to her heart. She drew nigher to him, her hand trembled in his; its soft palpitation thrilled like electricity through his veins. The moon shed her silvery light faintly through the window.

"My brother," said a voice behind them, "must whisper softly into the ear of the White Rose, for she is very tender. Look! she has brought him wine and a blanket into the hollow tree, and watched by him when he was sleeping: the roses are almost gone from her face."

"Rose!" said the youth, who remembered now the light noise which he had sometimes heard in his broken slumbers, "you did not do that? How do I deserve so much kindness?"

"But Canondah!" sighed the fair maiden with a stifled reproach.

Canondah, however, was gone; she had stolen through the folds as silently as she had glided in.

"My sweet beautiful Rosa!" exclaimed the youth overpowered, clasping her to his bosom. She suffered the embrace with yielding tenderness; his lips sought hers, they touched, their breath mingled, it was a sweet delicious moment.

"My brother," lisped Rosa, with a tremulous voice, and still clasped in his arms,—"*see*, the cheek of your sister burns very much, and her bosom threatens to burst, and—"*her soft voice fell into a mild beseeching tone*,—"My brother must not stay

longer where Rosa sleeps; nor must he come when his sister sleeps. Ah!" added she, and her voice melted almost in silver tones, "the wise man, and he who died on the cross for our sins, would be very angry at his sister."

"And who is the wise man," demanded the youth, from whose eyes tears ran fast.

"He who has taught Rosa, in the cabin of the white trader—who has shown her the path of life."

The youth paused for a moment, in a paroxysm of love and admiration, then as if seized by holy awe, he caught her once more in his arms, raised her, and laying her softly down on the couch, he pressed a long kiss on her lips.

"No dear one! fear not! none but a wretch could beguile so heavenly a being into sin.—Sleep sweetly and in peace, another will watch for you." So saying, he again pressed a kiss on her lips, and fled from the room as if he had been torn from it.

"Arthur!" repeated she, "good night, Arthur!"

He caught the sounds as he hastened towards the door of his room. His bosom burned with inexpressible passion, a storm had risen in his heart that threatened to consume him. He ran through the door, through the avenue, through the village.—Heaven and earth waved before his eye—the night breeze that came cold and chilly from the stream brought him to his senses. He retraced his steps towards the cottage, his glances raised towards heaven.

"If ever," prayed he, "my fate shall be linked to that of a human being, let it be Rosa!—let her be my partner."—

When he entered the room again, he heard the whispering voice of the maiden; she prayed, she prayed for him too. With a confidence that felt almost sure, that the petition of so pure a being

would be heard by Infinite Goodness, he returned to his couch and fell asleep.

When Arthur awoke next morning, the scenes of the last night floated before his imagination, like so many dreams. The bell dance,—Rosa,—her words—they sounded still in his ears like the music of higher spheres.

He felt himself better, more virtuous, ennobled by the love of this being. It seemed even, as if it had infused more strength into his body and mind. He sprang from his bed, and stepped before the door.

It was a bright lovely morning; the sun peered from behind the colossal trees that skirted the eastern side of the hill, mantling the village with a thousand silvery dyes, and casting its long rays in broad streaks on the watery mirror of the Natchez. Flocks of cranes, geese and pelicans were basking on the opposite side of the river, and their shrill notes, mingled with the more harmonious warbling of the mocking bird and the parrot, that were perched on the plane trees and mangroves, gave to the scene an indescribable air of enchantment.

In a field, towards the forest, a group of Indian girls were gathering corn; Arthur proceeded through the avenue, and looking to his right beheld Rosa, in a small flower garden hedged in with mangrove.

She had already espied him, and now came tripping and blushing towards him.

The fresh morning air, the night's rest, and perhaps more than both, the consciousness of reciprocated happy love, had shed over her countenance an inexpressible brightness. She stood like the opening rosebud before him.

“And will my brother not see the flowers of his sister?” said she, raising her eye with a timid and infantine expression, and taking his hand and draw-

ing him towards the hedge, he followed mechanically his eye rivetted on her, as if to satiate himself.

"See!" said she, when they were in the small enclosure, "Rosa was longing so much after the time when the sun would not scorch her poor flowers—they have been raised, all of them, by the hand of your sister, and they are now blooming. See!" continued she, with the same lovely sweetness, "we have flowers here every summer, in the beginning, and now at the close, but when the sun is highest, my poor flowers droop their heads, and then they die." Her eye beamed with joy as she pointed to a beautiful rose, whose opening buds waved in the elastic breath of the morning.

She plucked it.

"Its breath is sweet, my brother."

Arthur took the flower, and stood gazing and admiring the living rose.

"See!" said she, "Canondah and the girls have helped me to dig the ground, but they will not allow their sister to help them again in their labours; they work very hard; they say my fingers are too tender."

Arthur took her hand, it was the loveliest little hand ever touched by a love sick youth.

"And how long has my Rosa lived among these good people?"

"We are seven summers on the banks of this water."

"And where has Rosa been previously to this time?"

"Previously," repeated she, "Rosa has lived in the cabin of the white trader many days from here, beyond the big river."

"The Mississippi?"

"Yes."

"And does my Rosa not know how she came to the trader?"

"See!" said she, in a mysterious tone, "the people with whom Rosa lived, when she was very young, told her that once in a stormy night, an Indian chief came into their cabin, and brought them your sister in clothes that were very pretty, and that she had been found on the road, that leads to the great village on the big river. The chief," added she, "was the miko."

"Will Rosa show me these clothes?" said he, with an eagerness that betrayed how much he was interested.

"They are now old," said she, "and very little; Rosa wore them when she was not yet a summer old, but she will show them to you."

She tripped now towards the cabin, followed by Arthur, in anxious expectation. She opened a drawer in the wall below the Indian weapons, and took a packet carefully laid up, and unfolding it, she handed every piece to the youth. The ermine pelisse and bonnet were well preserved; the Brussels lace had become yellow with age, but it was of the finest texture; the cambric and gros de Naples were faded. Arthur examined each piece with great attention; near the seam of one of the little dresses he discovered a cipher with the initials "J. d'A.," and a coronet above the letters.

"Rosa," said he, and his mien became earnest, "these clothes," pointing to the mark, "show, that you are of a distinguished family. How you fell into the hands of the Indian, heaven knows, but"—he paused a moment, for having examined the last piece, he perceived a sealed parcel with something heavy in it. "It is the gold chain," said Rosa, "but we must not open it. The chief has folded it up himself from me."

She took now the dresses, laid them again carefully by; and put the packet in its former place.

"Rosa!" said the youth after a thoughtful pause,

"Arthur loves you very much, more than he loves himself. Will you listen to him—to your Arthur?" The full glance of love and confidence met his eye.

"Arthur has a mother, who lives not many days' sail from the mouth of the big river. To her will Rosa be welcome; she will receive Rosa as her daughter;—she is very kind. Arthur is rich, and his friends are powerful; they will find out her father and her mother; and, if not, Arthur's mother will be the mother of Rosa. Will my Rosa follow her Arthur?"

She listened attentively, but she did not enter into his meaning.

"But the miko," said she timidly, "would not let poor Rosa go."

"We must fly," said the youth.

"Fly," repeated she, "and leave Canondah, who has been a sister, a mother to Rosa; and the miko, who has paid beaver skins for the milk that she drank in the cabin of the trader."

"Rosa," said the youth, in the most beseeching tone, "do not distrust me, have confidence, my intentions are pure as my love. Arthur will return tenfold, a hundred fold, what the chief has paid to the white trader."

"Arthur," said she, "no; Rosa loves her brother very much, more than the light of her eyes, and his voice is sweeter than the song of the birds; but she cannot leave those who have been kind to her."

"And will my Rosa stay with Indians, when a father, a mother, are weeping for her?" said he with a mild reproach.

"See!" said she, "the Father in heaven has given her the miko as a father, he will not forget his child. It is written in the book which the wise man has given her, that not a hair shall fall from her head without his knowledge." She glided from

the room and returned with an octavo volume, in whose black leather binding, and brazen clasps, he had no difficulty in recognising a pocket testament. He had now a clue to the infinite moral purity of a being so immaculate, so guileless in the midst of savage life. Her mind had been directed by the early impressions of the missionary. They had indeed not fallen on barren ground, and were rooted in her juvenile heart. The gospel had guided her.

The youth grew silent, he looked after her as she returned again into her sleeping room with the book, and arose to follow her.

The arrangement of the little room was simple in the extreme, but tasteful. It was matted as the first room. Two cushioned benches ran along the walls; before one of them stood a small table with flowers in earthen vases of Indian make. Near the window was a large travelling trunk. The youth cast a glance at it.

"For heaven's sake! how came this trunk here? it is my sister's," exclaimed he with some vehemence!

"Your sister's!" returned she with astonishment. "The chief of the Saltlake has sent it to the miko. It contains the presents which he has sent to your sister. Oh! would I had never seen him!" She covered her face and grew pale.

"Poor Maria!" said he, as he opened the trunk, which was filled with a variety of fashionable female dresses. "And how long is it since the pirate has sent you these presents?" demanded he abruptly.

"Seventeen days," replied she, crossing her hands humbly on her bosom.

"Then he has only robbed her, and she is still safe," muttered he. But the sight of his sister's wardrobe had cast a gloom over his countenance;

his mien darkened as his eye fell on Rosa, who was dressed in one of her robes.

"And Rosa," said he, not without bitterness, "wears the spoils taken from my poor sister?"

His look, his voice, startled the poor maiden—it wrung her heart. She threw a timid glance at him, and again crossing her hands before her bosom, she said, in the most humble and imploring tone—

"The arrow sticks deep in the bosom of poor Rose—my brother must not drive it deeper. She must wear the presents of the chief of the Saltlake—the miko has bidden her to do so."

A blush suffused his cheek—he was ashamed, and reproached himself for his rudeness.

"Forgive me, my Rosa," said he, throwing his arm round her; "but my poor sister is very unhappy."

She looked at him with a tear trembling in her eye, as if to read his countenance.

The Indian entered, and glancing at them, her countenance seemed to darken a little, and, taking her hand, she led her towards the trunk.

"Look! the presents which the chief has sent are his sister's—he has stolen them from her."

"His sister's!" exclaimed the Indian.

"Yes," said the Englishman, "see, here are her diamonds," pointing to a morocco casket, to which hung a small key. He opened it. The girls looked with astonishment at the glittering beads, as they called them.

"They are worth beaver skins," said Canondah, with a childish stare.

"Many thousands of beaver skins!"

The girls started back in astonishment. From this moment, the fierce little Indian seemed to have banished every suspicion, and to become all tenderness and confidence. Arthur's love to the darling of her heart, and the discovery of his wealth, had,

little as it was understood or valued on her part, removed every doubt as to his being a spy or a scout of the white men.

"The white youth who is worth so many beaver skins," reasoned she, in her simple consistency, will not come as a spy into the poor village of the red men. Though her demeanor previous to the discovery had been generous, she seemed now anxious in the extreme to show him attention in a thousand ways.

"My brother must eat," said she, "he is hungry, and then he will go with Canondah."

And without waiting for his reply, she led the way to the breakfast. When they had finished their repast, the Indian beckoned to him with a knowing smile.

"My brother," said she, when they stood on the green before the cottage, "listen to your sister,—she will be very kind to her brother, if he will love Rosa very much, for the chief of the Saltlake has made her heart very sad. Look," continued she, pointing to his soiled cravat, "the chief has taken his sister's clothes, and those of my brother are very dirty. She will give him what he has left in the council wigwam."

Arthur could not help laughing at the manner in which the Indian compromised with her conscience; and followed his generous guide, who tripped before him towards the second larger cabin, that stood a little farther down, and just opposite the harbour. It was furnished nearly in the same manner as the cottage of the chief.

"Look here!" said she, with the same knowing nod, pointing as they entered the open door, to several boxes that stood on the floor—a dressing case among them. "The pirate has stolen them too—my brother may take what he wants. When the young red men," whispered she, with an arch

smile, "go to see their girls, they hang beads round their arms and necks. My brother will look very handsome."

"And does the pirate stay here?" demanded Arthur, who had run cursorily over the contents of the room.

The Indian nodded.

"He stays sometimes ten suns with the miko, and then he lives in the council wigwam."

She now tripped out of the room, and left the youth to make his toilet.

CHAPTER VII.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again,
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

SHAKSPEARE.

"THE White Rose must take another gown too," said Canondah, "and the beads," pointing at the morocco casket.

Like many of her more refined sisters, she took a particular interest in fanning the flame that burnt but too bright, in the bosoms of the lovers.

"They are his sister's," returned Rosa, shaking her head, "they do not belong to Rosa."

"But the chief has sent them to the miko, for Rosa."

"Can the chief give what does not belong to him?"

The Indian became silent and thoughtful.

"Rosa is right," said she, clapping her hands joyfully, when her eye fell on Arthur, who had entered. "My brother looks handsome," said she, casting a roguish look at Rosa, and then stole out of the room.

The maiden blushed deeply, the gentle heaving of her bosom, betrayed the emotion that the improved appearance of Arthur, had doubtless produced. He was altogether a handsome young man. His noble countenance, his expressive dark blue eyes, the fresh sound tint of

uncorrupted youth, his well proportioned form, and an air which seemed never to have been curbed by a sense of inferiority, gave him a manly grace, heightened by the romantic and somewhat melancholy expression, induced by his present situation.

The hours that Arthur passed near this being, were the most delightful of his life. It was, in these charming, but too fleeting moments, that he learned to appreciate the infinite loveliness of a mind so extremely simple; yet, so tender, so elevated. There was a delicacy, which in her seemed innate. Whatever she did, whatever she touched, bore the stamp of purity and innocence. She was indeed like the rose of her own wilderness, that draws its nourishment from one principal source, the dew of heaven. Lone as she was, and separated from every impure contact, revered even by the Indians for her loveliness and mild unassuming kindness,—her very helplessness had contributed to form her character, both passive and firm, humble, religious, and elevated.

Arthur seemed at intervals to become more daring, his lips would hang longer on hers, his embraces would become more impassioned. But there was in her something indefinable, that always recalled him to his senses. She was indeed all love, and her eye would hang in sweet undefinable reverie; but a single glance, a raising of the silken lashes, a look at once noble and dignified, would bring a blush on his cheek, and force him for hours again into a respectful distance. However light, easy, and perhaps trifling his intercourse might have been among the beauties of his acquaintance, here he found himself completely spell bound.

"See," said she, "dear Arthur," when he urged her again to follow him, "Rose loves you more than her words can tell you, she will be sad, very sad, when you are gone, and go you must; you are come to our wigwams as a stranger, you leave there as our brother, and we must not keep you. Rosa, your sister has spoken with Canon-dah, and she has promised, that she will show her brother the path to the villages of the white people. But Rosa must not go. She must not fly from those, who have done her good."

He felt the correctness of what she said, and was silent. He saw indeed the necessity of his speedy departure or rather flight, he felt it from what he now understood respecting the relations existing between the Indians and the pirate. It was about two years before this period, that the pirate had made his appearance on the banks of the Natchez, with a band of armed men. This meeting with the Indians seemed at first of a suspicious character, but they soon entered into terms of friendship. The Indians provided the pirate with corn, meat, venison and even tobacco, and they received, in their turn, rifles, muskets, powder, shot, and such articles as they stood in need of. The flourishing, and, comparatively speaking, wealthy condition of the Indians, was chiefly owing to this intercourse. The pirate had shown himself, in his dealings, liberal in the extreme, and he was a universal favourite with them. There was no doubt but Arthur would be given up to him. To these considerations came others of scarcely less weight. Canon-dah had indeed been, ever since the night dance, their most tender friend, and the guardian of their love; but in the midst of her shrewd solicitude, she could not conceal an anxiety, that

began to be more visible every day. Even the care she took to hide their love from the sullen scrutinizing eyes of the squaws, had something ominous in it. While she fled with an almost childish eagerness out of the cottage, afraid lest her presence might abridge the short moments of their happiness; she seemed again particularly bent upon accompanying Arthur on his rambles through the village.

The squaws had behaved towards him with a sort of savage delicacy, or rather a sullen indifference. Not one of them had intruded upon them, or shown the least curiosity, yet their dark looks, their suspicious glances, and the repulsive threatening mien, with which they considered him, when he chanced, on his strolling parties, to drop into one of their cabins, convinced him that he trod on dangerous ground.

But it was as if he had been entranced and bound with adamant chains to the spot. Ten times he was going to propose his determination, and as many times his words stuck in his throat.

It was on the afternoon of the eighth day of his sojourn in the village, he was perfectly recovered, and sitting at the side of his beautiful Rosa, when Canondah stepped from behind the curtains, and beckoned him to follow her.

They walked through the serpentine windings of the village, now with a light easy step, again sauntering along, peeping here into a cabin, and there stealing along past a hedge; at last they dropped, as if by chance, among a knot of boys, a dozen of whom were sporting in the stream. They threw forward one arm, not unlike a swimming dog, at the same time that they pushed their legs from their knees, striking the water by a downward motion with the top of one foot, a me-

thod obviously borrowed from the animals, which they had before their eyes.

"Can my brother do the same?" asked the girl, who now stood with him on the bank, surrounded by the swarthy urchins.

There was something taunting in her air, that nettled him a little, and he was going to refuse her invitation, with something like offended pride, but a glance from her changed his mind, and he replied in the affirmative. He cast off his coat, and threw himself into the cold water, followed by all the yelling boys. He crossed and recrossed the stream, and stood in half an hour again before the Indian.

"It is well," whispered she, significantly, "my brother must change his clothes."

"What is the meaning of that, my sister?" demanded he, with a light frown, at being made subservient to what he thought the caprice of the Indian.

"My brother will see," said she, pointing to the council house, "he must not talk so much, where there are so many ears." She turned suddenly round, and left him.

Night had closed in, when he entered his room, Canondah overhung the window carefully, and lighted the torch.

He looked silently at the preparations. She had always retired shortly after sunset, and risen with the dawning morning; and Rosa, though she had tarried an hour or two by his side, never prolonged her stay beyond a certain time. She seemed more than usually melancholy; a mild smile of resignation sat on her cheek—her eye was bent on him, while a tear stole, from time to time, down her cheek. She covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

"What is the meaning of this, dear sweet Rosa?" exclaimed the youth; "for heaven's sake tell me."

But the poor girl could give no answer, her voice was choked. He drew her to his bosom, he kissed the tears from her cheek, he conjured her to tell him the cause of her grief. It was in vain. Her eyes hung on him with inexpressible tenderness, but it was as if her tongue cleaved to her mouth. The fleeting moments passed away, and midnight had stolen unawares upon them. Canondah appeared from behind the folds.

"So soon!" exclaimed Rosa.

"The water birds begin to cry," said the Indian; "it is time."

"My brother," said Rosa, "must begone."

"Must begone!" repeated the astonished youth, who seemed to have forgotten mother, sister, every thing; "that is impossible."

"He must," said the weeping maiden, with a choked voice.

"Without you? never."

"Shall the mother and sister of Arthur weep over a fallen brother? In four days the chief of the Saltlake will be here; he will follow the trail of my brother, and take him, if the path be not very wide, that lies between him and the village."

Arthur looked after the maiden, as she drew towards the other apartment, and ran through the room in the wildest agitation.

"Listen, my brother," said the Indian, with a solemnity which recalled the young man somewhat from his trance, "Canondah will do for her brother, what will darken the face of her father, and her people; for she loves the White Rose

very much. She will show her brother the path that leads across the swamp, and she will paddle him over the second river. Will my brother promise by the Great Spirit, whom his and her people call upon, that he will not tell our white enemies where he has been, and what his eyes have beheld? Will he promise that he will not show to them the track that leads to the villages of the red men?"

"I will," said the youth, with a firm voice.

"Then take these clothes," said she, handing him a suit of Indian apparel.

"Those," said she, pointing at his dress, would soon be torn to pieces by briars;—the print of the moccasin is very soft, and in four suns when our people return, they will perhaps find it no more. Here is red paint," added she; "our men will follow you, and it may throw them on a false scent. Be quick."

The youth slipped mechanically into the waistcoat of tanned deer-skin, and even suffered the Indian maiden to assist him. She tied the moccasins on his feet, and slung the girdle of wampum over him with natural unconcern, as if she was assisting one of her own sex.

"Here is a blanket," said she, throwing it round him. "Here a pouch with powder and shot; here another with wine, cakes, and venison. That gun will kill water fowl and deer, and with this my brother will make fire to roast what he has killed." She hung every article upon him with a care that showed how fully she was conscious of his helplessness.

When all the preparations were finished, she slipped again through the curtains, and Rosa came out once more with a faltering step.

Arthur cast his arms round the lovely maiden; for a long while they were clasped together in silent speechless anguish.

"Rosa!" said he at last, "I shall leave you, if you desire it: I owe you mine, my sister's, perhaps my mother's life, and the happiest hours I ever enjoyed. I leave you, but I shall see you again."

She shook her head.

"Do not doubt it, my dear Rosa; let it be the hope that lightens your path. Arthur will come and lead to a place, where the sun shines on happier beings."

A minute longer they hung on each other's lips, when the torch light was extinguished: it was the signal for their separation.

Arthur took the lovely helpless being, that lay speechless in his arms, bore her to her couch, pressed a last kiss on her lips; and bade her farewell."

The Indian took his hand, and led him from the door. They glided through the avenue, stealing far from the cabins, along the hedges and shrubs towards the forest, with a step so light, as scarcely to touch the ground. The faint starlight was obscured by the night mists, that hung a broad veil over the village. They now had reached the sombre forest, illumined only by millions of fire flies fluttering about in every direction. A noise not unlike the murmur of an approaching multitude, struck the Englishman's ear,—he hesitated.

"We are discovered," whispered he.

"No," said the Indian, "it is the cry of the tree frog and crickets."

The noise increased fearfully, as they approached the swamp, where the roaring of the bullfrog,

with the piercing, hollow bellowing of an alligator, that was not quite torpid, resounded.

"Keep close," said the Indian, after they had walked nearly an hour, "we are near the swamp."

Her step now became very careful; she put her foot forward to try the ground, retreated again, and tried on another direction; she then cowered down, and crawling with her hands on the ground, she lifted pieces of turf and mud.

"We are on the logs that our men have laid across the swamps. Hold the skirt of my gown."

He seized the dress, and they advanced along the narrow passage.

"Take care," whispered she, "a wrong step would bury you for ever in the mud."

They passed the dangerous passage safely.

"Throw your blanket over your head," said the Indian, when they had arrived at the end of the logs. "The woods on this side of the swamp are full of briers. Keep close on my track, the serpents are very many, and their sting is deadly. Bow down your head, or the thorns will tear your blanket from you."

"What is that?" cried the youth, from whom as he glided after the Indian, his blanket was torn with irresistible force.

His guide stepped back. "It is the big-brier—my brother must bow his head," disentangling his blanket at the same time from a huge branch studded with thorns of a hand's length. They arrived at last on the banks of the Sabine. Without losing a moment the Indian sprang to a hollow oak. "My brother must assist Canondah to shove the canoe into the water."

They carried the light vessel with ease to the

water's edge. A push brought it into the river, she took the paddles and bade Arthur sit still.

The sound of the paddles, raised thousands of pelicans, ducks, and wild geese, who fluttered about in every direction, striking our travellers' heads in rather an ungenteel manner. The canoe shot across the river like one of its finny inhabitants. In a few minutes they had reached the eastern bank.

They landed, and Canondah took the hand of Arthur.

"My brother must now open his ears, he must not let a word of his sister's talk fall to the ground. Look, the prairies on this side of the water are empty, and the trees are very few. My brother must go up the bank of this water, till the sun has sunk behind the trees that grow on the other side, then he must turn towards where the sun rises and the wind blows cold. Does my brother know from whence the cold wind blows? The trees will show it to him. The swamps are not so many there. When my brother comes to a swamp, he will know how to cheat those who follow his trail."

She paused, as if she expected a question, but the youth seemed too absorbed in other thoughts.

"My brother's course," said she, "must be crooked."

Again she paused, and then said, with a voice whose soft melodious tone was touching in the highest degree—

"My brother is now free, and his path lies open before him. When he comes into the village of his own people, he may tell the girls that the daughters of the red men are not less generous, than those of the white. Let my brother not forget what the White Rose, and a red girl have done

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to clear his path. It will perhaps—bury the tomahawk of their father in their brains,” whispered she with a scarcely audible voice.

“Canondah!” exclaimed the youth, horror struck, “how is this? What do you mean by it? Will my flight bring you in danger? Never! I will return, I will wait for your father and face the pirate?”

The girl had relinquished his hand, and glided down the bank. He ran after her, but she was already in the canoe that shot now swiftly and lightly through the water. A farewell sounded from the boat, as it darted away under the veiling mist, and soon entirely disappeared. Arthur called her by her name, but she gave no answer. He conjured her to take him into the canoe, but the light stroke of the paddles was heard no more—nothing but the shrill notes of the alarmed water fowls resounded on his ear.

We leave him to his own thoughts to return to a personage, whom our readers will probably think we have lost sight of.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hath any well advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him, that brings the traitor in?

SHAKSPEARE.

THE American descendants by no means yield to their Anglo Norman ancestors, in the adventurous spirit which for centuries distinguished that roving, meddling race. There is not a country, scarcely a seaport, where they have not nestled; and the Cape of Good Hope, Canton, Smyrna, Rio Janeiro, South America, and Russia have among their busy merchants the enterprising Yankee, who with the mercantile spirit, that is always inherent in him, has extended his web over nearly the whole world. It seems as if they were destined, by Providence, like the birds of passage, to convey the seeds of freedom throughout the world, which their example has greatly contributed to plant in so large a part of it.

It may easily be supposed, that a spirit so enterprising and so adventurous, had not neglected to avail itself of the opportunities, which the acquisition of so vast a territory as Louisiana afforded. Ten years, however, of possession and experience, had contributed in a great measure to settle the extravagant ideas, which were at first conceived respecting the new country; and the swarm of adventurers who burst, soon after the purchase of the territory, over the land, was suc-

ceeded by a less sanguine but more steady race, who had profited by the dear bought experience of many of their predecessors. The former chose generally the northern districts of the state of Louisiana, and came accompanied by their families and a few negroes. Numerous villages, or as they were called towns, sprung up, not unlike mushrooms, and the impervious woods soon resounded with the strokes of axes and the noise of the active backwoodsmen. It was near one of these embryo towns, which was just springing up on the bank of the Red River, that we find our Miko with his band. He had roamed through the trackless forests, that lay between the headwaters of the Natchez and the Sabine, more than two hundred miles north of his village, and he was now turning towards the rising sun, when his progress was arrested by a vast column of smoke that arose from a clearing, and which announced to him the presence of the whites. After a short consultation, the chief, accompanied by one of his men, was seen moving towards the clearing. It extended perhaps over five acres. The first objects, that struck his eyes were about twenty wagons that stood on the bank of the river, the horses grazing in the luxuriant bottom. A couple of stout double-jointed men, clad in linen trowsers, with open shirts, and shoes, without stockings, were felling timber, while as many grubbed up roots. The rest of the party were raising a cabin. A knot of scarcely less hardy, sunburnt and weatherbeaten women, stood by two large fires burning round several kettles, that hung from poles driven into the ground. A herd of boys were shouting and running through the smoking field, gathering dry branches and underwood, with which they kindled fires under the

larger trunks. The Indian stalked towards the clearing, like the miser who sees the secret hiding-place of his treasure invaded. When he had reached the only cabin, which had been so far completed as to be under a roof of clap boards, he halted, and looked round with a stern melancholy expression.

"Red skin!" halloed a deep bass voice that belonged to one of the men who raised, or, to speak in the language of the country, "blocked up the cabin," making at the same time, an intelligible sign; "will you take a dram?"

The Indian gave no reply.

"Well!" roared the backwoodsman, "come, we'll treat you; it won't cost nothing."

The Indian pointed to the cabin.

"The fellow's saucy!" roared the same man; "well, if you won't come, then ye'll have to pay for it"—and, laying his axe aside, he strode towards the cabin.

"Want a dram?" demanded he, when he had come up to his red guest.

The Indian nodded.

The backwoodsman ascended the three logs that led to the porch of his cabin, and entered an aperture which was destined for a future entrance; the door was represented by an old blanket that hung from the logs of the cabin. The chief followed the woodsman with a slow step, and halted on the porch.

On the logs of the cabin were pasted a number of advertisements, sheriff sales, public vendues, &c. One of them was printed on large paper. The chief glanced at them, and seemed to be struck with the latter. Taking his pipe from his pouch, he tore the pasted paper from the

wall, sending, at the same time, his follower with a scrap of it to lighten his pipe. Mine host now returned, having a glass filled with liquor in his hand.

"Well, red skin, you would'nt be treated, and now you must pay. Got money?"

The Indian took a silver piece from his pouch, and threw it on the log that stood leaning against the wall.

"D—d saucy!" muttered mine host, taking the money. "Ay, that's the stuff," added he, pocketing it, and bestowing now in return a more attentive glance at the Indian.

"D—n!" roared he, after a pause during which he had surveyed the old man with an air that settled gradually down into distrust,—that there rifle is almost too stylish for a red man, it ain't of American make; taking the gun half by force, from the Indian—"I warrant ye, that there double barrell'd gun would puzzle our soldiers in the fort up yonder. Ay, and gold inlaid too. Well! well!" said mine host, with shrewdness, "red skin, that there rifle must remain here, and you too. Look, that there name is the same with that in the proclamation of our governor," pointing to the wall. "D—n! where is that proclamation? You haven't stole it, red skin. D—n if you ain't one of them red skins, who are said to be at the bottom of his devilries."

The vociferations of mine host had attracted the attention of the rest of the backwoodsmen, who came from all sides towards the cabin. The gun passed round the knot. Every one looked at it, making his comments on the splendid prize. The chief had drank his liquor, and handed the empty glass to the landlord with a

sign to fill it. Thinking that his rifle had been sufficiently examined, he now stretched his hand out, to receive it again.

"No such thing!" shouted the backwoodsman, "that there rifle it in good hands, and you too."

He had scarcely spoken, when a shrill whistle burst from the lips of the unmovable chief. At the same time, the other Indian leaped over the porch, and bounded towards the forest. The men had, in the meanwhile, pressed round the porch. Most of them had their rifles thrown forwards, for which they had sent their boys.

"What's the meaning of that?" demanded mine host, glancing with rather an awkward expression towards the woods. He was answered by a yell so fierce and terrible, that the women and children began to shrink. At the same time, the grinning visages of more than thirty Indians were seen issuing through the dense smoke, and darting with vast leaps towards the cabin. The backwoodsmen threw their rifles undauntedly forwards, but while they faced their enemies, another party of as many Indians had wound their way from behind the house, and stolen between the men, and their women and children.

The chief looked with a cold haughty mien at the backwoodsman, who still held his rifle; he then stretched out his hand once more for the weapon. He now hesitated for a moment, his eye fell on his sturdy companions, who stood round the porch, their rifles thrown forward, and then it passed over the dark group of Indians, who, like dogs at bay, seemed only to wait for a signal, to rush at their victims. The cries of the women—"Let 'em have his rifle, give it back, man," terminated the struggle. Raising the

weapon, he looked once more at it, and with the words,—

“Red skin, look to it, we shall find you,” he handed it to him.

When the Indian saw himself again in possession of the weapon, he waved his hand haughtily, and passing down the steps, he stalked slowly through the backwoodsmen. But, no sooner had he reached the foremost of his men, than they wheeled round, and forming a circle round their leader, they bounded, with a second yell, towards the wood, leaving the astounded backwoodsmen, with their frightened women and children, with mouths wide agape.

There are men so gifted, as never to lose sight of their favourite schemes, into whatever situation fate may throw them; though they may fall by adversity, and their power be wrested away, still they cling to their designs. They appear before their eyes by day and by night; they accompany them sleeping and waking; they twine themselves into their hearts, and grow old with them. Such a character was Tokeah, the last descendant of the mikos of the Oconees of the Creeks. His ancestors had been mikos or kings of the Oconees, who inhabited the fertile lands at the head of the river Oconee in Georgia. He hated the whites, as the enemies of his race, from the first dawning of his reason; but his hatred became implacable, when he and his tribe lost their native lands by a treaty. It was that hatred, and the feeling of wrongs inflicted by the whites, not less than the pride of his descent,—that inspired him in his intercourse with them, with a haughtiness, that no sneer, no contempt, could shake. Patient and unruffled to the eye, the sufferings of his tribe had settled deep into his soul,

and in the midst of a treacherous repose, his ambitious mind had planned the destruction of his foes.

When he perceived how little his savage cunning and rude force, could contend against the superior knowledge of his enemies, he availed himself of the opportunity, which the improvements introduced by the agent gave him; and he learned, in his mature age, to read and even to write, "to have," as he expressed himself, "a clear path to the dead friend of the white," their books; and even when these efforts proved vain, and his plans were detected and circumvented by the superior power and policy of the whites, and he had even rendered himself obnoxious to his people; without waiting for the stroke that would have destroyed him, he left, with about sixty of his men and their families, his native lands, to seek a refuge in the woods beyond the Mississippi, his old scheme of revenge still accompanying him. He applied to the Pawnees of the Toyask tribe on the Red River. Being refused lands by them, he went up to the Osagees, where he met with a similar denial. He then descended the Sabine, and meeting there the Pawnee Indians, went farther down that river. The feeble tribe of the Coshatta Indians pointed out to him the lands between the mouth of the Sabine and of the Natchez, where at last he found a refuge. It was there that the pirate found him, about five years afterwards, and entered with him into terms of friendship.

The pirate whose lurking place near the mouth of the river Mississippi, on the island of Barataria, promised by no means a secure and undisturbed retreat, had probably entered the bay of Sabine, and the mouth of the Natchez, with a si-

milar intention, of seeking a more impervious hiding place. The first impulse, when he and the Indians met, was that of mutual destruction, but the chiefs soon came to an understanding,—and the Indian grasped the offered hand with the avidity of a revengeful mind, that hopes to see its ultimate desire gratified through its ally.

But if the enmity of the pirate against their common foe, gave him claims to the confidence and friendship of the miko, there were again some points, which made its policy doubtful. The Indian had no idea of the relation in which the pirate stood to the rest of the world. He thought him chief of a tribe, not unlike his own, consisting of warriors, their women and children. Of the desperate character of his allies, he knew nothing. But in the course of a longer acquaintance, and during the frequent sojourns of Lafitte and of his associates, there could not but transpire certain glimpses, that began to throw an unfavourable light on the character of his new friend. Inimical and impervious as the chief was to all feelings, except those of hatred and of revenge, his soul lived in the glory and the welfare of his people, and he considered his tribe as the chosen men of the Creeks. He was in fact a tender father to all his people. The Oconees viewed him in that light, and it was, perhaps, less respect for his descent, than love to their chief, mingled with a sort of awe, that drew them after him. To enter into an alliance with a thief and a robber, as he began to suspect his friend to be, and to unite his people into one family with such men, was too degrading a thought for the proud descendant of the mikos, not to be rejected with disdain.

Thus stood the relation of the Indian chief to

the pirate, when a circumstance occurred, which, while it gave to the sunken fortune of the former a brighter prospect, and to his ambitious schemes a higher cast, made him still more sensible of the necessity of circumspection.

During one of his hunting excursions, about a twelvemonth after his acquaintance with the pirate, a small party of his men, accompanied by his daughter, trespassed on the hunting ground of the Pawnees of the Toyask tribe. They were surprised by those savages, and after a feeble resistance put to flight. Canondah fell into the hands of the Pawnees, she was carried into their village, and there condemned to die.

The torches were already lighted, her dress torn from her body, and the hands uplifted, that were to place her on the funeral pile, when a young chief broke through the howling multitude, snatched the victim from the executioners, and lifting her on his arm, bore her towards a thicket, where a couple of horses stood in readiness. He threw her on one of them, and made his way towards the Sabine—none dared to pursue the chief, whose deed was looked upon as an act of inspiration, and the chief, who had recently returned from the great Cumanchees, was hailed as a superior being. He delivered the girl safely and untouched into the hands of the miko, who saluted the deliverer of his daughter with transport.

The mutual affection that had sprung up between his daughter and the young chief, filled his mind with rapture, he hoped to unite his band with the great Cumanchees. To do this in a manner worthy of a miko of the Oconeas, and to bring along with him the chief of the Saltlake with his white men, would have been

his highest glory. But whether the generous chief, and his people, would admit his suspicious ally into the bosom of the community, was doubtful, and it was therefore of the greatest importance to him, to learn something more respecting the character of the chief of the Saltlake.

This opportunity he had now acquired. The paper which he had torn from the logs of the cabin, contained the proclamation of the governor of Louisiana, enumerating the crimes of the pirate of Baratavia at full length, and setting a price of five hundred dollars on his apprehension. The band of Indians had no sooner gained the headwater of the Sabine, and seated themselves in their usual order and rank, than the chief began to pore attentively over the contents of the paper. When he had finished, a short, grave consultation ensued, after which a runner was despatched to the village of the Pawnees on the Red River.

The chief, with his band, took the direction towards the bank of the Natchez.

CHAPTER IX.

So two together weeping, make one wo.

THE morning after Arthur's flight found the two maidens still in the same sitting posture, in which they had been since Canondah returned from the Sabine.

There was in the aspect of Rosa, a cast of tranquil resignation, that made her resemble the victim ready for sacrifice, as she sat with her hands crossed, looking up towards heaven, through the window. Her love had been so pure, so far from every selfish interest. She had lived and breathed so wholly in Arthur, that she did not ever think of the pang that would wring her heart, when he should be gone. She had even longed for his departure, as the only means to save him; but she had overrated her strength. Now he was gone, and all that was dear to her with him; now, that she stood isolated, and friendless amongst beings, from whom her colour, as well as her mild delicate nature separated her, her loneliness broke fully upon her mind. She had tasted the sweet delights of a pure virtuous love—her soul had been raised to a higher flight, her imagination had been wafted into those delicious regions described by her Arthur, and inhabited by beings of a higher order. She had caught a dawning of brighter joys—for her, a life among Indians had lost its attractions.

She arose, she looked at the squaws and the girls in whose joys she had once so much delighted; but she now turned almost with a shudder from the lagging, bouncing, swarthy creatures, who pointed with ungainly gestures towards their cottage. She understood their threatening signs, but she was not afraid; she feared nothing, the green life had become gray with her; the axis round which her whole being revolved, and her phantasies and her dreams had woven their brightest charms, was broken.

Thus the day and the night passed, and the distant long drawn yell, announced the unexpected return of the miko and the hunters; but it seemed welcome to her. There is something more dreadful in the suspense, than in the evil itself.

But it was different with Canondah. What she had done was the sacrifice of pure sisterly love. The tears of the White Rose had prevailed upon her to assist Arthur's escape. She had forgotten when she yielded to those tears, her father, her people, her own happiness.

It was the first time that the daughter looked forward with horror to the moment, that would bring her before her father. The sounds of voices were now heard from the bank. She rose to meet her father, her knees smote together, she looked through the window, the chief was talking with the old warriors, but behind at a respectful distance stood the squaws, their grinning hideous faces turned towards the cottage.

The chief approached and entered the cottage, followed by the greater part of the warriors. Canondah came forth to meet him with a heavy heart, her hands crossed on her bosom, she waited in silence before him.

"The men of the Oconees have told their miko," began he after a pause, during which his keen eye seemed to pierce the soul of his child, "that the runner of the chief of the Saltlake has come into the village of the Oconees of the Creeks. Why does my eye not behold him?"

His daughter gave no answer, her eyes were fixed on the ground.

"Has Canondah so far forgotten the blood of her fathers, that she led a white man to the wigwam, and showed him the path to the white villages. The miko thought he had a daughter," said the old man, in a tone of cutting bitterness, "but Canondah is not the child of the miko of the Oconees. Go!" added he, with inexpressible disgust, "a vile Seminole cheated her mother, and has given birth to a cheat."

The girl sunk down on the floor, as if thunder-struck at the terrible imputation, writhing in agony, she attempted to touch her father's garments, but he shrunk back, as from one infected.

"Go!" said he, "she has sung into the ears of the miko, and invoked the Great Spirit to clear his hunting path, while she kept the enemy of his race in the cave."

Not a word of excuse escaped the poor girl. The women had, as may be supposed, easily detected the whole secret; but if their discovery originated from that innate suspicion, which is inseparable from the Indian character, their love for Canondah would probably have prevented them from making use of it. As soon, however, as the stranger's escape was known, and it was known a few hours after his flight, the discovery became inevitable.

"And therefore," continued the chief, who seemed to find delight in laying open the manner

in which the two maidens had overreached him, and thus working up his rage to its highest pitch, "the White Rose could not sing the night song, because the white man was waiting for her. The miko has fostered a serpent in his bosom; he has cast his beavers away; and the White Rose has brought a spy into his wigwam, who will betray him to his enemies. In a few suns they will be hunted down by their white enemies."

A malignant and threatening growl passed round the dark group. Two of the most ferocious looking savages glided towards the inner room.

Canondah had lain speechless, almost senseless, on the floor; but no sooner did she hear the light footsteps of the two Indians, than she bounded towards the curtains, and, stretching out her hands, she shrieked—

"It is me, it is Canondah, who has shown to the youth the path, that leads across the swamp."

The chief had followed with his eye the sudden movements of his daughter, and he seemed astounded at the presumption of her, who dared to interpose between his wrath and the victim.

"Go!" said he after a pause, and with an air of strong contempt, "does Canondah think that the miko is a fool, and that his eye does not see who has led the white spy into the wigwam? it was the foot of Canondah that led the way, but it was the cheating tongue of the White Rose, that moved it."

"Will my father," said the girl, crossing her hands on her bosom in the most humble attitude, "loosen the tongue of his daughter?"

The chief paused, his rage seemed to struggle with parental feelings. The latter prevailed.

"Canondah may talk," said he.

"My father," said the girl, "the white youth is not a spy, he is not a scout of our enemies, he is not from the country of the great chief, to whom the lands belong that lie beyond the lakes; his people are on the war path against our enemies, and he is a friend of the red men; he is come many suns across the big Saltlake with his sister to see his mother, who lives in a country not many suns from ours, in the midst of the big Saltlake. The chief of the Saltlake has caught the big canoe in which he came—he has carried him and his sister into his village, and has robbed them of every thing; look, father! the presents which he has sent for the White Rose, are taken from the sister of the white youth. He escaped from the village of the chief, but he did not want to come to the wigwams of the red people, but the wind from the rising sun drove his canoe towards the lake. He wanted to go to the white men, that he might return to his own people, and cut the thongs that keep his sister in the village of the chief. He is from England, and very young, and very tender; he is not a scout, his fingers are very little, and he was hungry, and the water-serpent had bitten him—Canondah killed it."

"Has my daughter many more lies to tell her father," said the old man in a milder tone, "her tongue has become very nimble since eight suns."

The girl looked abashed, but her words had evidently made a deep impression on the chief. The information, received through the proclamation, coincided with what his daughter said, and he paused thoughtfully.

He was a savage from birth, habit, and inclination, but he was not sanguinary; his better feel-

ings would have made him, under other circumstances and in a brighter sphere, a hero or a benefactor to a greater nation; but in his savage state, harassed and fretted as his mind was, it had become morbid through imagined or real wrongs, and he had entered his cabin under the impression, that the young man was an emissary or a spy of his enemies. Secluded as he was, absorbed by suspicions, haunted by fears, it was no wonder that he thought himself continually beset with enemies. Revered and respected by his people, he probably fancied his own importance in the eyes of the whites, far greater than it really was. The word England, however, had its full effect upon him.

The girl, though harassed by different feelings, knew her father too well not to perceive the sudden change in his mien, and, running into the other apartment, she returned with the casket of jewels.

"Look, father!" said she, with a countenance in which appeared a little more confidence; "these beads belong to the sister of the white youth. They are worth many thousand beaver skins. Would my rich brother go and betray the poor red people?"

"Canondah has talked enough," said the chief with a stern mien.

The girl shrunk back.

The miko and the Indians, however, gazed with astonishment at the sparkling jewels. The casket had never been opened, and though they were ignorant of their real value, their dazzling lustre operated like a torch light upon their dark understandings. The folds opened again, and the White Rose faltered towards the chief, pale and trembling, like a victim going to its death. For

a moment the stern, ghastly countenance of the old man gleamed with a ferocious expression, his hand fell upon his scalping knife, but the helplessness of the pale lovely being who offered herself, disarmed his ire.

"Does my daughter speak with a true tongue?" said he, waving his hand as a sign that she was permitted to speak again. "And," added he, "if the young man is from England, why is he gone to the villages of our enemies, who are on the war path against his people?"

"Canondah has told him so, but he said that there is no path that leads to his mother."

"When did he leave the wigwam?"

"A long time after the sun was down, and when many of the water birds were already crying. My father will find his trail, and that his daughter has spoken true, for she has never told a lie."

"Good," said the old man, waving his hand again, as a sign, that the permission which had loosened her tongue, had expired. The warriors now closed round their chief, and held a short and grave consultation, after which he pointed significantly to his pouches. Canondah filled them instantly, and the chief departed with a small band of chosen warriors.

The forlorn Roman slave, who, doomed to die by the deadly grasp of the lion, beheld the ferocious monster bounding through the iron gate, but then, instead of taking the fatal leap which was to terminate his wretched existence, crouch down, stretch out its paw, lick his feet, and exhibit all the symptoms of affectionate recognition, could scarcely have been more astonished than Canondah, and even Rosa were, at the unexpected forbearance of her father. She had expected nothing short of sudden death for an act, which she knew would be looked upon as treachery. As

she was ignorant of the change that had taken place in the views of the miko, respecting the pirate, she hesitated not a moment to ascribe his mildness to a superior influence. Nor were the feelings of Rosa less intense, when she saw that her beloved sister, who had risked her own life for her, and her Arthur's sake, had escaped the dreaded fate.

One fear alone remained. It was for Arthur. It was impossible for him, she knew, to escape the Indians. Would they let him pursue his journey? Would they not bring him back—or perhaps, dreadful thought! sacrifice him to their hatred?

It was long before she gave utterance to her feelings. They at last escaped her:

“Poor Arthur!”

The Indian had held her embraced, since the departure of her father, as if she had now a two-fold right to the love of her, whom she had saved from imminent death; but the words were scarcely uttered, when, darting a glance of impatience, she released her hold.

“The White Rose is not kind,” said she with bitterness. “The white youth has so entirely caught her heart, that she has no eyes for her sister. Canondah is not afraid to die. She has learned from her father how to die. She has been tied to the stake, and the flame was lighted, but her face was bright, as the blue vault of heaven. She has not shrunk. No!” said she, with a singular expression of loftiness—the daughter of the great Oconee would have shown to the girls of the Pawnees, how they must die, and laugh at their enemies. But,” added she, and her mien expressed great horror, “Canondah would not like to die like a treacherous dog, when her name would

be cursed by the girls of her people, as that of a traitor, who has led the spy into the wigwams. No," said she, "Canondah fell into the trap of the Pawnees, they threw her on their horses, and the flesh on her limbs was very sore, and the thongs of the buffaloes that pinioned them on the back of the wild animal, cut very deep, but she did not utter a mean. Her thoughts were with her father, and with his fathers, who looked down from the prairies, exulting in the firmness of their daughter. Two days Canondah has lain in the dark lodge of the Pawnees, and when the light of the sun shone into her face, it showed her the logs that were piled up, to burn her to ashes. They have led her to the stake, they have torn the clothing from her body, their squaws have spit in her face, she has seen many knives over her head—but you listen not, Rosa," said she, shaking softly the poor maiden.

"I do," said Rosa in a beseeching tone.

"And when," continued the Indian, "all her garments were torn from her, and the squaws seized her to put her on the logs, then the great chief bounded from the council of warriors, and broke the ranks of men and women, and raised Canondah to his side. Look!" said she, "Canondah is very strong, she could bear the tortures of the squaws and girls, she has looked death in the face, but she could not bear the kindness of the young chief; she fell into his arms, and she did not know what passed till a sun was gone, and your sister found herself still in the arms of the chief. But Rosa has seen the great chief, and her sister would not like to die now. She has done wrong when she hid the youth from the eye of her father, but she has looked at the tears in the eye of the White Rose. And the Great Spirit

has not clouded his face—yes,” said she, “it is the Great Spirit, who has kept back the arm of the miko, when his foot spurned his daughter away like a dog, and his hand unsheathed the knife, to bury it in the bosom of the White Rose. Canondah has done wrong, but she will do it no more.”

“And Arthur?” asked Rosa hesitatingly.

“The miko is a great and wise chief, his eye will see the trail of the white youth, and look into his soul. If he is a friend of the red people, they will not take his scalp; if he has cheated the poor girls, Rosa must not weep for him.”

When she had spoken these words she left the cottage.

CHAPTER X.

Soft; whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
I post from love; good lover, let me go.
SHAKSPEARE.

THE state of mind in which we left Arthur after Canondah's return, may be compared to that in which the neophyte of the assassins probably was, who, unexpectedly transported into the blissful regions of the old man of the mountains, saw himself, after a short time, as suddenly thrust into the vast dreary desert, with no other trace of past enjoyment than a benumbed mind, and a confused image of lost happiness, floating before his imagination.

It was long before he awoke from the stupour into which the suddenness of his separation, no less than the dreadful words of the Indian, had thrown him. When the last stroke of the paddles had died away, and he saw himself alone in the gloomy desert, his heart was ready to burst under the pressure.

The situation in which we have seen him make acquaintance in the Indian village, was one, that among all adventures, was the least calculated to permit a display of intellectual strength or of personal acquirements.

Lost in a wilderness, he fell, wounded and exhausted, into the hands of an Indian girl, and had in fact become her prisoner. Had his character

been less noble, he would probably have assuaged the humiliating thought, by abusing the darling of her heart. We have seen him resist the infinite loveliness of the fair maiden; with sentiments too elevated to inflame a passion that seemed hopeless, he had even feigned a pride, a reserve, to which his heart was a stranger; and when he at last yielded to the accumulated weight of gratitude, and of personal and mental charms; when he had become fully convinced of his success, he had given himself up to his love with all the glow of a juvenile, but manly heart, that feels the obligation which the new relation imposes. And from that being he was now separated—separated probably for ever. She was perhaps, too, going to suffer for her love and generosity. The thought was beyond endurance.

He would have thrown himself into the water to return, but for the dreadful swamp beyond. He stood with his eyes fixed on the opposite bank, as if he was frozen to the spot. The cold chilling night blast forced him at last away. He proceeded mechanically, unconscious of every thing. He would have run against every tree, and stumbled over logs and stumps, but as the Indian had told him, no obstacles impeded his progress, a small hill of sea-shells now and then excepted. Thus he walked on during the whole night.

The morning presented to the lone wanderer, a scene that was fully calculated to rouse him from his mental lethargy.

The landscape to the left of the river Sabine, the fag end of Louisiana, if we may be allowed the expression, lay, an immense park, before his eye, with no other object, than a single cluster of trees, that loomed in the vast prairie, like so many masts on the boundless ocean. The whole

wide plain was covered with a delicate fresh green, that had sprung up under the mild beams of the autumnal sun. Towards the north this plain swelled gradually into the uplands, their bright aerial tints melting into the deep azure of heaven. Away to the east the prairie sunk imperceptibly into the lower swamps, over whose dark green hues the golden orb rose, radiant and pleasant. Only here and there was a little hill formed of sea-shells, and overgrown with dwarfish pines and oaks. The deep silence of the boundless region was but seldom interrupted by the distant cries of the aquatic birds, or the barking of prairie wolves, which roaming about gave to the scene an indescribable air of solitary grandeur. Now and then he would see, as he passed one of these clusters of trees, a herd of deer peeping out from their ambuscade, gazing at him with an air of curiosity, and then they would toss up their branched antlers, as if indignant at seeing their territory invaded, and would turn slowly into the shade. His hand grasped the gun that hung on his shoulder, but a moment's reflection and a glance at his well filled pouch, which began to feel a little heavy, were sufficient to bring it again on his shoulder.

In the course of the day, his ideas became more settled; the manly undisturbed spirit of the young Englishman, assisted its powers, and he began to form plans for delivering both Rosa and her sister. Though he was ignorant of the region in which he found himself, two circumstances promised to throw light upon this subject. These were the two rivers that empty into the lake, and the lake itself, with its outlet, into the gulf.—He was sure of ascertaining the point beyond the least doubt, with the assistance of a map of the

gulf of Mexico. Amid these plans the day passed, and he found himself towards sun-set near the first range of hills, where his guide bade him to take a north-eastern direction. His day's work was finished, and being weary, he laid himself down under an oak tree, on a couch of tilandsea, furnished by a neighbouring cypress, and shrouded in his blanket he soon fell asleep.

Hitherto his journey had been uninterrupted, but the next morning showed him the difference between a tour in his native country, and a lone guideless wandering, through these trackless deserts. The heavens were overcast, and with no other guide than the hills that he was now leaving to his left, he turned towards the east, with the same thoughts, the same plans, but more discouraged with every step that he made towards the swamps. He had twice resorted already to his pouch, in the course of the day; the greater part of which was spent, according to his reckoning, when he reached the outskirts of the first swamp that lay in his way. It was fringed with a long strip of cane-brake. In the midst of it, was to be seen a narrow streak of dark green water. The Englishman penetrated through the cane, but the bottom became softer and softer, and he was obliged to return. He passed higher up, and entered again, when a light rustling before him attracted his attention. Some animal, thought he, with a glance at his pouch, whose contents repeated use had considerably diminished. Swinging his gun, he stepped forward, when, just as he was going to pull the trigger, and to discharge his fowling piece at what he thought a rapacious animal—an Indian bounded from the ground, on which he had crept towards his intended prey, and suddenly turning to the

right the savage struck, with his tomahawk, the gun from the hands of the Englishman. A second and more dangerous stroke would probably have brained him; but the youth, quicker than thought, wheeled round, and seizing the savage with the force of a giant, thrust his fist behind that of the Indian, and, putting his knee on his back, bowed him down. The tomahawk hung harmless in his hand. A powerful shake made it fall on the ground. Grasping the Indian still more firmly with his right, he drew with his left the scalping knife, with which Canondah had furnished him. Its sharp blade glittered before the eyes of the savage.

"Indian!" thundered he with a rage, that threatened instant destruction, "what has tempted you to assail a stranger who did you no harm?"

A grin of deadly hatred that shot athwart the ghastly countenance of the savage, was all the answer.

"You have deserved to be struck down like a ravenous animal," said the Englishman, in a decided tone; "but far be it from me to shed your blood—you are free."

So saying, he raised the bent form of the Indian, and loosed his hold of him.

"My brother is indeed a friend of the red men," said a voice behind.

The Englishman turned round, and beheld a second Indian, his scalping knife in his uplifted hand, and ready to sheathe it in his back. Darting aside, he caught up his gun to face his new enemy.

"My brother has nothing to fear," said the second Indian, behind whom the first had shrunk. "The miko of the Oconees extends his hand in token of friendship."

"You the miko of the Oconeas?" said the astonished Englishman, seizing at the same time the offered hand, and pressing it. "I am glad to see you, though the manner of our acquaintance is somewhat strange."

"The girls," said the chief, "have told their father, that the son of the great father, who owns the Canadas, has escaped the traps of the chief of the Saltlake, and has sought a shelter in his wigwam. My eyes have seen, and my soul believes what is true."

The assurance seemed welcome to our Englishman, for at the same time, a louder rustling was heard, and a dozen grim looking swarthy visages, peered from the mazes of the cane-brake.

"My brother," said the chief, who saw some uneasiness on the face of the young man, at the appalling sight; "has spared the life of a red man—he is safe—the tongue of Tokeah has never told a lie."

And extending his hand once more in token of friendship, he beckoned the Indians to his side. The savages trotted lightly behind their chief, forming two ranks, and leaving the Englishman perfectly free in his movements. For a moment he glanced at the grim, yet proud manly visages of beings, whom he had heard and read of, but never seen. Gradually, as he scanned their haughty features, his own mien assumed a corresponding expression.

The chief stood all the while silent, his keen eye resting from time to time on the youth. When he thought that he might have collected himself, he resumed the conversation.

"And does my brother want to go to the villages of the white?"

"I do wish so," returned the youth, "and I

hope I am not very far from one of their settlements."

The Indian shook his head.

"My young brother is very valiant, and he will become a great warrior; but he knows little how to clear his path. He has run almost two suns, and he is not more than half a sun from the village of the Oconeas."

"Not more than half a sun," repeated the youth, with an incredulous air. "I am sure, I am eighty miles towards the Mississippi."

"Does my brother see yonder trees?" said the Indian, pointing to a blue speck that seemed to hover like a shade on the eastern horizon.

"I see them."

"If he will return with the miko, he will not be many paces from the canoe."

A look of the most painful disappointment, was all the answer.

"And my brother has left his sister in the hands of the chief of the Saltlake?" demanded the Indian.

The youth made an affirmative nod.

"And he has escaped from the chief?"

Another nod was the answer.

"And what will my brother do?"

"Seek people of my own colour, the Americans, and embark as soon as possible for Jamaica. Perhaps, I shall even apply for their assistance against the pirate."

The Indian listened attentively.

"My red brethren have told Tokeah," resumed he, after a pause, "that the people of my brother, are on the war path against the whites of this country. Will they open their hands towards my brother, and receive him into their wigwams?"

"No doubt," returned the Englishman. "Though enemies, yet there is English blood in them, and they will not refuse assistance to a forlorn stranger."

The Indian shook his head.

"Well, my brother, listen to the talk of a wise chief, who has seen many summers, and whose hairs have become gray with age and sorrow."

The youth made a light bow, that became lower than he at first intended.

"Then my young brother will return to the wigwam of the miko. His hands are open, his men will smoke with him, his girls will sing into his ears. In two suns the chief of the Saltlake will come into his village, and he will whisper softly into his ears, and the chief will return what he has stolen from him, and give him and his sister a big canoe, that he may go home safe."

There was something extremely plausible in this proposal. He would see Rosa, after whom his heart longed so much, and whose image stood more freshly before his eye, with every step that bore him from her. The Indian seemed not a stranger to generous feelings; his countenance was stern and repulsive, and bespoke deadly hatred, but Arthur was not the object of it. Perhaps he would then be the means of setting both Rosa and his sister free. Yet, on the other hand, was it prudent to trust himself among savages, of whose treachery he had heard such frightful tales related; and to confide to the momentary impulses of the generosity of their leader? And then his connexion with the pirate, and the fear with which his name was pronounced by Rosa—would the pirate lend an ear to the intercession of the savage? Was it safe to return, and to deliver himself into the clutches of a lawless wretch,

from whom he had escaped at so much peril? Was it not more advisable to try by every means to reach Jamaica as soon as possible? And could he not effect more when at liberty, than when under the eyes of the distrustful Indians? Such were the thoughts that occurred to him. There is no doubt, that he would have embraced the offer of the Indian with warmth, if it had been made twenty-four hours sooner; but reason had, in the meanwhile, reasserted her powers.

“Miko!” said he after a thoughtful pause, and with a firm decided tone, advancing at the same time towards him and grasping his hand, “your offer is very fair, and in other circumstances, I should not hesitate to accept it with pleasure. But more important duties call me to my people. It would be wrong, it would be a shame, not to try the utmost of my power to deliver my sister, as soon as possible, from the lawless ruffian. Whether the pirate would be so generous, as you presume, is extremely doubtful; but, at any rate, it would be highly imprudent, to trust myself again to the wretch. You are kind and generous, however, and you may do me a service—you seem,” continued he, “to know the pirate,—of whatever nature your connexion be, is nothing to me.” A frown passed the countenance of the Indian. “You may tell the pirate, that the young man, whom he has carried into his lurking place, with his sister, in so lawless a manner, and whom he has robbed, is on his way home. This will make him pause in his nefarious attempt, I doubt not in the least; you may tell him further, that what he has done with respect to the Englishman and his sister, shall be forgotten, if he will restore her to her friends, safe and uninjured. The pirate knows who has escaped from him,

and that your brother is of a family of rank; he will know too, that the least attempts at violence will be dreadfully resented."

The Indian pondered on the words of the Englishman for awhile, and then said, "And does my brother think, that the chief of the Saltlake will listen to empty threats? Does the panther give up its prey, when it hears the dogs barking afar?"

"Certainly not," returned the youth, repressing an unpleasant feeling at the comparison.

"But the pirate knows, that Englishmen are no dogs, and that they never bark unless at the canon's mouth, and that their big canoes are as numerous as the water-birds on your river, and that they will find him, wherever his lurking place may be. He knows too, that the youth who had escaped, is of a family, whose influence will bring the big canoes of his people, in a short time, before the island of Barataria.

"But," said the chief, "the course that my young brother has before him is very long, and the canoes of his people are far off, and before they have crossed the Saltlake, the scalps of his sister and of his men, may have dried in the villages of the chief."

"If I am not mistaken," returned the youth, after a moment's reflection, "the pirate is as cool and prudent as he is sanguinary. He would certainly not have hesitated to take our scalps, as you say, or as we say ourselves, if it could have been done secretly; but now that he knows your brother is safe and on his return home, he will not sacrifice what can do him no good, and he will spare the poor girl."

The Indian seemed to comprehend.

"My brother is right," said he, "he must go."

"Miko!" said the Englishman, after a pause, during which he had tried several times to bring the delicate point on his tongue, "Your daughter has saved the life of your brother, and she has risked perhaps her own. Will the miko forgive what she has done for the stranger?"

"The stranger is welcome," said the Indian; "he is the brother of Tokeah. The eye of the father will look bright on his daughter."

"You have paid beaver skins for the White Rose," continued the youth, encouraged by the words of the Indian; "your brother will weigh them up with gold. Will he send his daughter, the White Rose, to her brother? Will he give her to him if he comes himself?"

"Will my young brother stay with the chief, and smoke the pipe, and hunt with him? Will he be the son of the miko, and one of the braves of the Oeonees?" demanded the Indian eagerly.

"That is impossible."

"Tokeah will clear the path of his sister, if the chief of the Saltlake does not shock his ears, but he will keep what belongs to himself. Rosa will cook his venison, when Canondah has become the wife of the great Cumanchee, till a powerful chief takes her into his wigwam."

"You will not sacrifice this beautiful being to the pirate?" demanded the youth, with all signs of horror.

"The pirate is a thief," said the Indian, with strong contempt.

There was some consolation in this.

"And is this your last determination?" now demanded the youth, who began to feel that further words would be thrown away, on so strange a character.

"The chief never talks twice," was the answer.

"Then let us separate," said the youth with a sudden burst of impatience.

"Stay," said the Indian, "and listen to the talk of Tokeah. My young brother came near the wigwam of the miko, when the sun was behind the world, and the chief was asleep. He has entered his wigwam, when he was on the hunting grounds; he has left it before he returned to his village, unseen by the chief. His trail must not be seen by the white people. Will my young brother promise by him whom the Oconeas of the Creeks call the Great Spirit, and the white people their Saviour, that he will not tell his enemies where the miko of the Oconeas dwells?"

"I have promised that already to your daughter."

"Will my brother promise that to the miko?" said the Indian with emphasis.

"I will."

"Will he promise, that he will never open his mouth to tell, that the miko, and the chief of the Saltlake have been friends?"

"I will," said the youth after a momentary reflection.

"Then," said the Indian in a solemn tone, laying his hands on the shoulders of the young man, "may the bones of his fathers rest in peace! The miko will clear the path of his brother from briers, and his runner will show him the path of the Co-shattees."

"My young brother is hungry," said he, after a pause, stepping forwards, and issuing from the cane-brake, whose border they had, during the last part of their conversation, approached. He made a sign to his men, and seated himself on the

ground. The rest followed his example, with the exception of a young savage, who carried the pouch of the old chief, and now spread the victuals on the turf, before him and his guest.

Arthur, in hope that a longer stay would give him opportunity of touching what lay so near his heart, saw the short preparations with pleasure, and he took his seat opposite the chief, behind whom the savages squatted themselves down on their hams; but he was disappointed.

The chief cut off some slices of venison, and handed them to his guest, and then the haunch passed round to the Indians. Every one took a handful of parched corn. The miko and Arthur took a draught from a moderate calabash, and it passed likewise round. The short repast was soon over, and not a word was spoken. The chief rose, and after having shaken hands with his young friend, he said farewell, and stalked slowly away, and all the Indians, except the runner, with him. Arthur looked for a moment at the dusky forms, whose step became quicker and quicker, till it resembled the bounding of an animal of the feline species.

The Indian however seemed unwilling to give him long time for further thoughts. Flinging his pouch on his shoulder, he seized his gun and tomahawk, and throwing himself into a travelling attitude, trotted along the narrow margin of cane-brake, with a swiftness which our Englishman found it difficult to equal.

CHAPTER XI.

They are your prisoners,—

I'll keep them all;

By heaven! he shall not have a soul of them.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE banks of the Natchez presented the following day apparently the same deep quiet, in which the melancholy, and, we may add, indolent Indian delights to pass his hours when at home; but on this occasion the silence which reigned in the village was marked by a character of anxiety and suspense, that seemed to have affected the whole of the little community, and to presage some great change in its future destinies.

The long steps, with which the boys of the tribe would steal towards the council house, and gather in groups of two and three, and, without daring to utter a single word, would stretch forth their swarthy long necks and visages, as if to catch a sound; the still more anxious groups of the women and girls, who at a greater distance would hover round the cottage of the chief, and then bound with ungainly leaps towards the cluster of mangroves, that stood before it; and when seen by the younger warriors and hunters, steal again towards their own cabins;—seemed to indicate that something of great importance was pending over the tribe. There was no discussion, no dispute, no arguments whatsoever, as in a more civilized country might doubtless have

taken place. None of the younger individuals presumed even to approach the open council house within hearing distance; not from any fear, but rather from that habitual respect for the traditional institutions of their fathers, that admitted to these councils only the most discerning and experienced; giving, however, to each member of the great family, free scope to become sooner or later admitted among those selected.

Since the miko had returned with his men, he had kept, with a few short interruptions, his chosen warriors and counsellors assembled. Their discussions had lasted nearly the whole day.

Canondah had ten times approached the threshold of the cottage, to catch a glimpse of what was passing, and as many times she was stayed as if by an invisible power.

A look at Rosa brought her again forward, but the ominous silence, the dark sullen forms, which lingered singly and in groups of two and three, round the avenue, throwing momentary and appalling glances at their dwelling, brought her again down on her couch. It seemed as if the last scene with her father had taken all spirit and life from her.

The miko had not, since his return, spoken a single word to his daughter; he had only made the girl a sign to keep in their little room, and to fasten their curtains.

"Were they still prisoners? What had become of Wyanneachi, the approved warrior, whom his fleetness rendered the wonder of his tribe? Had he fallen by the Englishman, in the fight which probably had taken place, before he was captured? Or, was Arthur no more?" But no trophy, no mourning, no wailing was heard by the relations of the runner.

Under these manifold and aggravating thoughts and scenes, the night passed, and the morning returned—when the shrill sound of a whistle thrilled through the air, and announced the approach of the chief of the Saltlake. Shortly after, a yawl similar to that in which the Englishman had arrived, was seen gliding up the stream, and when opposite the council house, a salute was fired—the usual manner in which the pirate signaled his arrival, and complimented the Indians.

The boat came to, at a short distance from the bank, and the men seemed engaged in a hasty examination of the yawl, in which the Englishman made his escape, and which was still floating among the Indian birchen canoes.

One of them waved his hand, and the yawl shot towards the bank; the same individual stepped first on shore.

He was a man of middle size, light and thin, but well proportioned, with a sun-burnt, and somewhat wrinkled, but not repulsive countenance. Carefully curled whiskers, in which his fingers played from time to time, with much complacency, and a thin mustachio, at once betrayed the former French soldier.

The whole figure had an insinuating, but at the same time, a decided and military air; and it was only at intervals, that a deeper observer might have caught a darker and more ominous meaning, in the quick and threatening glances that escaped from the sharp keen hazel eye. He wore a short cloak of French blue, nankeen pantaloons, and boots, a military cravat, and waistcoat, and a forage cap. His arms consisted of a pair of double barrellled pistols, with a dirk, and

from a sash hung a sabre in a bright steel scabbard.

The proud, military, and yet easy leap with which he reached the bank, showed that he was completely master of his movements.

"Chief of the Saltlake!" muttered the boys and girls who had assembled round the harbour, to witness the landing of the pirate. He threw a short cursory glance over the multitude, as if in quest of something—a light frown passed across his countenance. Waving, however, his hand in the most polite manner, he went through the dark group directly towards the cottage of the miko, where he entered without further ceremony.

"You'll acknowledge, old friend," said he, throwing his cap on the table and running one of his hands over his forehead, while he stretched the other towards the Indian with that negligent familiarity, with which an old acquaintance introduces himself—"Lafitte, to be as good as his word, came last night to the offing, but devil take me if it let me wait for the morning, so I hove down, and here I am as whole as I left you—but, friend, I am hungry as a wolf, and dry as a dolphin. Hast any vivres?"

He spoke somewhat broken English, with a strong French accent; which, to tell the truth, we ought to give as it was pronounced; but as the French are so polite as never to laugh at the blunders of foreigners, correcting them without a sneer, we cannot do less in return; and therefore give the sayings of one of their countrymen, worthless as he is, in a more correct dress, and with the hope that our readers will be better pleased, than with the eternal repetition of *dats* and *vats*.

The old man tapped with his finger on the ta-

ble, and Canondah tripped from behind the curtain: without taking any notice of the pirate, she placed several dishes with cakes, venison, and fruits on the table, to which she added a mug filled with wine.

The pirate looked at the chief, who had not spoken a word, then at the daughter, and exclaimed—

“What the devil does this mean? you are as tongue-bound as an alligator when torpid—your daughter as stiff as an old dame of Louis XV.”

“My brother is hungry,” said the chief, pointing to the dishes.

“Certainly, nor shall I trouble myself much with sour faces—spleen, spleen,” said he, after a pause, strutting with his folded arms immediately in front of the chief, who sat in his usual manner on his haunches, his knees folded together, and his head sunk on his breast.

“I hope you are not infected by your guest? Where is he? The Englishman—to speak plainly, who has made free with my yawl?”

“Tokeah will talk when his brother has eaten.”

“Well well,” said the Frenchman, opening the door, and calling out, “Monsieur Clorand!”

The personage who now entered, was a short little man with a swarthy olive visage, of which however, buried as it was in a pair of immense whiskers, and corresponding mustachios, nothing but a long Bardolph's nose could be distinguished. He was armed in the same manner as the captain, and entered with some shyness; a sailor followed on his heels, carrying some bottles, which he placed on the table, and then withdrew. The second personage with the corkscrew

appended to a pocket knife, drew the cork from one of the bottles.

"Thaw up, old red fellow!" cried the captain merrily; "that stuff," pointing to the mug, "has soured your temper:" he threw its contents through the door, and replenished it from the bottle—"that's genuine Chambertin, as good as ever the little corporal drank in the Tuilleries."

So saying, he took a large draught, and handed the mug to the chief.

"Tokeah is not dry," was the laconic answer.

"Well, then, rum," muttered the pirate, with slight contempt, "or, what is still better, whiskey—lieutenant, send for a couple of bottles."

"Tokeah is not dry," muttered the Indian, with a stronger intonation.

"Well, as you please: he is a fool, who gives, and a greater who refuses."

Both the gentlemen of the cut-throat trade sat down and began their attacks upon the savoury cold venison, with an impetuosity and a perseverance which attested that the worthy Lafitte had spoken what was fearfully true. Their conversation, however, was brief, and indicated the superior and subaltern. After a quarter of an hour the bottles were emptied. Monsieur Clorand arose and left the room, with a short military obeisance.

"Well," said the Frenchman, taking his seat at the side of the Indian, "I hope you have received him as becomes one, who has been an inmate of your friend, and ally in good and bad fortune—should'nt have thought it possible for the young spark, with scarcely a beard on his chin, to have braved the gulf. Where is he?"

"Of whom does my brother talk?" demanded the old man calmly.

"Of whom do I talk?" returned the pirate, with a strong air of impatience; "of the Englishman, who escaped during my cruise; I hope you have lodged him safely, and there will be no objection to see, and," added he with emphasis, "to have him?"

"My young brother is gone," said the Indian with imperturbable calmness.

"Gone!" exclaimed the pirate, springing up and rushing across the room, "you have not let him escape, when you knew that he came from Lafitte."

"When has the miko of the Oconeas shut his wigwam in the face of the stranger, who has lost his path, and came in peace?"

"That you might have done—opened the door, but shut it again after he had entered. But come," said he, laying his hand on the shoulder of the Indian, "you are humorous, I know, and you wish to take me by surprise; the Englishman is still in your village."

"The miko takes no man a prisoner, unless when on the war path with his people; he left his door open when the youth wanted to go. My young brother came as a friend of the red men, and the miko has shown him the course, that will lead him to the white people."

The Frenchman had paced, or rather run through the room, evidently in great agitation: he now stopped.

"Do you know that your generosity may cost your friend and ally his head; that the young man will rouse the whole pack against me that ever you—" he paused.

"When the miko of the Oconeas of the Creeks

opened his wigwam to the chief of the Saltlake," said the old man with stern dignity, "then his soul believed, that he was on the war path against his enemies; but he did not know, that the chief of the Saltlake was against the enemies and the friends of the red men—that he robs the women, and leads them into his villages."

The pirate bit his lips—"Indian notions! get more civilized, and you will take when and where you can; and, if there are no enemies, from friends: the latter way is much the better course and less troublesome."

"When did he leave your wigwam?" demanded he, stopping suddenly, and turning with his arms folded to the chief.

"Three suns since."

"And the course he took?"

"Across the prairies towards the big river."

"I hope you won't be less kind to your ally, and show him the same path; that is, give him one of your runners."

"My young brother is beyond the reach of the chief; he is near the village of the whites; Tokeah has given him a runner."

"Ah, sacre"—an oath escaped the Frenchman which we forbear to repeat.

"My brother," resumed the Indian after a pause, during which the Frenchman had crossed and recrossed the room nearly twenty times, "must give back what he has stolen, and what is not his own: he must return the girl whom he has in his wigwam, and her beads."

"What beads?" demanded the Frenchman, who in his levity had never thought it worth while to pay much attention to Indian phraseology.

"The beads which the chief has sent to the White Rose."

The Frenchman broke out into a loud fit of laughter.

"These beads are worth more than your whole village put together—But," muttered he, "of what use is it to talk with a savage?"

"My brother," repeated the Indian, in the same calm tone, "must return what does not belong to him."

"Really, monsieur miko! really?" demanded the pirate, with a contemptuous sneer, "we have got the vessel, and we will keep her—she is as fine a sea-boat as ever sailed before the wind; but your d—d outlet has not more than six feet of water, and you are like the Hebrews, not over fond of the big Saltlake, to speak in your own language—a vessel, a big canoe I should say, that will bear a broadside as well as a seventy-four—true English oak, as my sailors say—I hate these Englishmen more than I do priests, but I like their vessels—would I could bring you down to Barataria.—Return her?—never!"

"My young brother says," continued the unmoved Indian, "that he will forget, and make his people forget the blow that the chief has struck, if he will give up the girl, and send her back with his men, unhurt."

"Devil trust these Englishmen, they'll take back, and pay in bills payable at the devil's Exchequer. Tokeah!" added he, with a mien somewhat more grave, "to tell the truth, the escape of the Englishman was somewhat unseasonable, and the principal reason that your Indian majesty has the pleasure of seeing me. But things cannot be altered, and we Frenchmen say—Il faut faire bon mien à mauvais jeu; or, in your language—we won't hang ourselves because the buffalo has run away."

"But to be serious—I want now in all earnest to become an Indian; that is, to settle quietly down, and to enjoy my life. We have frequently spoken upon this point, and I hope you have no objection to it."

"When Tokeah extended the hand in friendship towards the chief," said the Indian, gravely, "he thought that his wigwam held the enemy of the people, who drove him from the lands of his fathers; but his eye was shut, or he would have seen, that the chief of the Saltlake is the enemy of every people, and that his hands are soiled with the blood of the girls and children of the friends of the red men."

"Nonsense!" interrupted the pirate. "What difference is there between one enemy and another? You have, like a true Indian, the Americans on the wrong side of your heart, and I the rest of the world on the other. You draw their skins over their ears, and I, as a good Christian, lighten their burdens."

"Then my brother deserves to be hunted out of the world, like the wild cat that rends every animal."

"Exceedingly obliged for your kind wishes," returned the pirate, with a light bow. "But we in France hang no man, unless we have him."

"The miko of the Oconees has never dyed his hands in the blood of his friends; he is poor, but his hands have never touched what was not his own. His father would look in anger down from the prairies, at the son who ties the knot of friendship with a thief."

"Monsieur miko!" interrupted the pirate, "a little more polite in your expressions, if you please."

"The Great Spirit," continued the unmoved

Indian, in the same strain, "would darken his face, and shut the prairie before him."

"Where in the devil's name, have you scraped together all this nonsense?" said the Frenchman, with an air of strong contempt.

The old man, who had spoken with his eye fixed on the floor, now raised his head, and looked with a keen piercing gaze at the pirate, who stood before him, in his favourite posture with his arms folded.

"Look!" said he, rising and opening the door, and pointing to the sun, which rose behind the tops of the forest trees; "the sun shines on the banks of that stream, as it does in the villages of the white men. It is neither the chief of the Saltlake, nor the miko of the Oconees, who has made it. The Great Spirit lit it up. There," pointing to the cane-brake, whose tall slender stems waved in the light morning breeze, "the breath, that there sighs through the canes, moans wildly among the pine woods, in the land where the miko was born; but both are the winds and the breath of the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit has made the skin of Tokeah red, and that of his enemies white, he has given them two tongues, and they do not understand each other. But the Great Spirit understands their talk, and he listens to the prayers of the white and of the red men; he has given them different tongues, as he has made two waters, salt and sweet; but both waters are his. Listen!" said the old man, who stood erect before the door, tall, gaunt, almost withered, not unlike an inhabitant of the other world; raising his head with solemn dignity, he continued—"the miko has read your book of life, he has learned the letters when he was a man; for he saw that the cunning of the whites came from their

dead friends. This book has told him, that there is a Great Spirit, a Great Father in heaven. Listen further—the miko has been sent to the great father of the white people, into their big village; and when he came with the other chiefs into the villages where the white people called upon the Great Spirit, in big-walled wigwams, he found them very kind, and they received him and the red chiefs as brothers. Tokeah has had a talk with the great father. Look—this is from him,” pointing to a silver medal that hung below the wampum bag; “he has asked the great father, who was a great chief, and a mighty warrior, whether he believed in the Great Spirit of his book, and the great warrior told him, that the Great Father of his book, is the same with the Great Spirit of the red people, and that he believed in him. That was the talk of the greatest and justest warrior the white people ever had. Listen further,” said he—“when the miko returned towards his wigwam and the setting sun, his soul was thinking upon the talk of the great father, and he kept his eye wide open. As long as he saw the big-walled wigwams, where the whites called upon their Great Father in heaven, the red men were received by them as brethren; but, when they found these walled wigwams no longer, and when they came far towards their own woods, the faces of the whites became dark as the stormy cloud, their looks were those of bad men. The miko has seen, that these people, who do not call upon the Great Spirit, are no good people. Nobody has told it to him, but his eyes have beheld it. And my brother,” said he, turning with stern majesty towards the pirate, “laughs at the Great Spirit, and tells Tokeah, there are no prairies where the miko shall meet his fathers. He

would take the only bright path from him, that has kept him from sinking under his load, when he was hunted like the wild cat by his enemies. Why, has the Great Spirit not made him a buffalo, then? His life would have been happy on the prairies, his pang would be at an end, when the ball entered his brain. Go!" said the old man, turning with horror from him,—“Lafitte is a thief, who will rob the poor miko of his only remaining hope.”

“That speech of yours would do honour to any itinerant missionary. I am glad to have discovered so much unction in you, as we are not provided with gentlemen of the cloth, you may do very well. As for the rest, Monsieur miko, if you are pleased to believe what you say, I have not the least objection; but you will allow me the same liberty I hope.” So saying, he paced again through the room, whistling a French air.

“Apropos!” exclaimed he, turning suddenly and dancing up to the partition curtain, “where is my love? It is bad manners to stay in your house, wigwam I should say, without paying my compliments to the ladies. I hope no introduction will be necessary?”

The curtains were fastened on the inside. For awhile he stood with an air of ludicrous surprise, but gradually a dark sinister frown glanced athwart his thin visage—yet only for a moment.

“Links not brighter—knots not faster—the door shut before one’s nose. I see Monsieur miko is in an excellent humour; a little gruff and sullen, but no matter.”

The old man seemed not to pay the least attention to their allusions. He had again seated himself in the usual posture. Sometimes his stern features would contract into something like con-

tempt, at the trifling manner in which the pirate returned his grave talk. As the old man had never witnessed any of the exploits of the pirate, and the latter had seized on the very vessel he prided himself so much upon, in a manner against which the sternly-honest motives of the Indian revolted; it was quite natural for him, to take his guest for a poor, harmless, vain boaster, whose deeds went no farther than the capture of unarmed big canoes.

"Your kindness, with respect to the Englishman," said the pirate, after a long pause, during which both personages, probably, made each other the object of their musing; "has rendered some precautions necessary, and I must send orders down to my fort, wigwam I should say, to keep ready. Perhaps, before a week, I may have the honour to thank your kind intercession, for a visit from the English squadron. They are just at hand, and cruizing off the mouth of the Mississippi. I hope my yawl will, at least, be my undisturbed property?"

"If the chief is on the war path, he will know how to meet his enemies."

"Wisely spoken," said the pirate, with a light turn that brought him to the door, out of which he walked.

CHAPTER XII.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares, to trap mine enemies.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE first glance of the pirate fell upon the bank, which, on former occasions, had presented so lively a scene of the merriest bustle. The whole village was commonly assembled to witness his landing; the men and squaws to barter with his sailors, the girls to play with them, while the boys availed themselves of the long-wished-for opportunity to arm themselves with muskets, and to spend a pound or two of powder, with which the generosity of the pirate never failed to furnish them.

On this occasion, however, the bank round the harbour was wholly deserted, none but the sailors had remained. Two of them, with shouldered muskets, paced up and down before the boat, while as many were lolling on the turf, the rest were in the boat. Monsieur Clorand was among them.

Lafitte thoughtfully approached; his aspect of frivolity, had settled into a dark frown; his steps became quicker the nearer he came. He now stood by the side of the sailors who lay on the ground.

“Have my orders been executed, lieutenant?” demanded he, in an imperious tone. The two

men sprang on their feet, as soon as the voice of the captain was heard, and they assumed with the rest a military attitude.

"Yes, captain," was the answer.

"How many have we down?"

"Thirty, and eight here."

"Giacomo and George," continued the pirate, in the same authoritative tone—"go down with orders for the people to come up in the long boat, completely armed, with muskets, bayonets, pistols, and hangers. Three to remain in the sloop. They will be at the bend to-morrow evening, wait there till midnight, come up with muffled oars, the muskets in the boat, two sentinels on their posts—the rest in the boat."

Monsieur Clorand, to whom these orders were addressed, and who bore the commission of lieutenant in the service of our Frenchman, made a short military obeisance, and delivered the orders.

In a few moments the yawl, in which the Englishman had made his unexpected visit, was seen floating down the stream, propelled by the vigorous strokes of the sailors. Lafitte walked slowly up the bank through the bordering mangroves. When his mouth-piece had delivered his commands, a nod of the captain called the lieutenant to his side.

"Has my lieutenant any reports to make?" demanded the captain, turning towards Monsieur Clorand, who, with true French politeness, kept a pace behind his superior.

"As soon as Captain Lafitte was in the house, the savages dispersed—Giacomo tried to open a conversation with his sweetheart, but she gave him the slip."

"How?"

"She just drew her knife, and would have run it into his carcass."

"Take no notice," said the pirate, "it is my order."

The lieutenant made an obeisance of consent.

"Lieutenant!" said the captain.

"Captain!" returned Monsieur Clorand.

"The Englishman has been here."

"So I find."

"And has escaped again."

"Bad," muttered the lieutenant.

"And, what is worse, with the assistance of the savage."

"Devil take him! but I hope this will not alarm Captain Lafitte?"

"It would not alarm Lieutenant Clorand," said the captain, with a sarcastic smile, "but it alarms Lafitte; the fellow will find his way home, and send us a pack of those blue devils, and what is the worst, they are ready at hand:"—he paused thoughtfully.—"There is no avoiding it; the girl must be sent home as soon as possible."

"I thought," said Monsieur Clorand, hesitatingly, "the English girl should soon have become—"

"A prize for Monsieur Clorand," interrupted the pirate, drily, "and Lafitte and Monsieur Clorand meat for the carrion birds at Kingston. My first lieutenant has never been very scrupulous, and he must be contented with a copper coloured belle, for want of a better."

A complacent grinning smile was the answer. They had now reached the upper end of the clearing, and passed the last cabin; Lafitte stopped, and folding his arms, he said—

"Clorand, I know you to be a faithful crea-

ture—you have been so these fifteen years, since you served under me in France and at sea—look me in the face.”

The hideous fellow turned his dark eyes upon his master.

“Tell me the truth,” continued Lafitte, “are you not tired of a life that finally offers but three chances, the halter, the ball, or a mortal leap out of the world?”

Monsieur Clorand shrugged up his shoulders.

“Answer me,” said the captain more peremptorily.

“How can we help it,” said Monsieur Clorand.

“We can, we shall, we must help it,” returned the captain; “I hope you did not think Lafitte fool enough to bear with that insolent savage; to follow him two years for the sake of his buffalo haunches! I thought there was something at the bottom. But you held your tongue—it was done wisely. My plans have ripened, and it is time to put them into execution.—Do you remember, lieutenant, the harbour on the north coast of Mexico, where we gave chase to the Spaniard?”

“Certainly! and,” returned Monsieur Clorand with contempt, “I could not conceive what had brought Captain Lafitte into these poor seas.”

“Monsieur Clorand does not conceive many things,” said his master, with a sarcastic smile—“But what does my lieutenant say to a colony of Indians at the mouth of the noble river where we dropped anchor?—A couple of twenty-fours from the Pacific, and a strong hold in the country,

and a little empire of which Clorand shall become grand vizier."

"Excellent! charming! enchanting!" exclaimed Monsieur Clorand.

"Clorand," continued his master, "you are faithful and brave, but you are getting old, and I am not getting younger—it is time for both of us to leave off trade in these parts—a year hence it may be too late. The war between the English and the Americans, will shortly be at an end—I know it positively, and then they'll join, as in duty bound, to pay their compliments to Lafitte, who has made the best of their quarrel. The escape of the Englishman may hasten the catastrophe. Do you think we can stand, with our hundred and fifty men, half of whom are little better than mere food for powder, these beef-fed bullies."

The lieutenant shook his head.

"The passage round Cape Horn is open, as long as they have each other by the ears, and we may give them the slip."

"I thought," said the lieutenant, who began to wax a little bolder, "Captain Lafitte intended to accept of the offers of the South Americans."

"What is to be gained by it?" returned the pirate; "blows, and nothing else. The marshalls of France rest on their laurels, and we on our hard-earned fortunes—it is high time—"

"But," observed Monsieur Clorand with an air of diffidence, "the savage?"

"That's the stumbling block. The fool thought in good earnest, Lafitte would settle down on the banks of the Natchez, or, what he would like still better, bury himself among the Rocky mountains. He is haunted day and night by his fears,

and sees his white enemies in every thicket. This may, perhaps, serve us something. But the old fellow is as cunning as he is dry, and he has looked a little closer into our doings."

"Probably the Englishman," insinuated Monsieur Clorand.

"May be so; I think, however, his suspicion comes from another quarter."

"Has he said any thing of the sort?"

"Does not Mr. Clorand see?" said the captain, pointing to the empty banks; "at any rate we are prepared. If he does not yield to words, he will do it when he sees force. But no bloodshed. The men must be bound, the women and girls secured. Rosa will be respected as the property of Lafitte."

"But what shall we do with these Indians on board our vessels? they will die away like flies."

"Not if they have their maize and their dried venison: I shall take care of that. But this is only in case of necessity. If any arrangement can be made, so much the better—then they go by land under a safeguard; the six Mexicans will do very well for that."

He spoke the latter words again, in that short abrupt tone which his lieutenant probably knew to be the customary sign, that the conference was at an end; for making a slight obeisance, he now stepped down towards the boat, while Lafitte proceeded to take possession of his residence, the council house.

The costume in which the pirate made his appearance, half an hour after this conversation, might have been deemed extravagant, by a casual observer; but showed in this instance, that he perfectly knew how to play his game, and to assail the poor Indians on their weakest side,

their pride. His dress was entirely Indian, in compliment to his hosts; his cloak was exchanged for a hunting shirt of nankeen with silver fringes, open on the chest; his military waistcoat of blue fox skin, a bonnet of the same, and mocasins of morocco, with leggings, and a girdle entirely Indian, completed his dress. His air would have become a thorough Indian dandy, if any of this species had been extant, and the light dancing step, with which he whirled from one of the cabins towards the other, spread a grinning laugh over the grim visages of his crew; it was a laugh of treacherous expectation, and they knew that something was lurking behind this playful spirit, of a deeper and terrible meaning.

He paid his visits to most of the warriors, without stopping a long time; dropping in for a minute or two, bestowing here a trifle, casting in another cabin a gold or silver coin into the lap of a girl, with an air as if nothing had happened.

"And do you know," said he, when he had, after a two hours' tour, again entered the cottage of the miko, "that I am quite fond of the mocasins, and hunting shirts, and girdle of wampum, and heaven knows what besides? They should be known in France. My word of honour, my countrymen would soon cut a figure *a la miko* on the Boulevards."

The Indian cast a glance at the Frenchman, who stood before him looking with much complacency at his metamorphosis, and a strong expression of contempt passed across his austere visage.

"My brother," said the Indian, in a tone corresponding to this feeling, "is not younger, but his eyes are more shut than those of our boys, who hang themselves over with beads, and run

after girls. His eyes should be open, and he would see that his enemies are watching."

"Pho!" returned the pirate, "never mind enemies; if Tokeah only holds fast to Lafitte, we'll beat their brains out."

The Indian shook his head doubtfully.

"My brother may sleep in peace in the wigwam of the Oconeas," said the old man, in a calm, soothing tone.

"I know that," said the pirate, something touched by the assurance of the chief, "and I know too, that Tokeah is my friend, and, I am sure, if he speaks to his people, they will look as friends on Lafitte."

"The Oconeas are men and warriors," said the old man, "they listen to the talk of the miko; but their hands are free."

I know you have a sort of republic, of which you are the hereditary consul; but I too know, what is what. To-morrow we will speak more plainly. Have we something to eat?"

The chief again made a sign, and Canondah appeared to set the table for the second and last meal. It consisted of buffalo and deer haunches, roasted under the turf, the delicious beaver tails, and a variety of wild but savoury fruits. The long and satisfactory glances which the Frenchman threw from time to time at the earthen dishes, as they appeared on the table, bespoke him not insensible to the savoury charms of the simple but delicious viands. Monsieur Clorand, who entered, seemed to be quite of the same opinion.

The Frenchmen sat down, and enjoyed this repast, in the rather disagreeable manner of French connoisseurs, tasting and smacking his lips; while the Indian sat almost motionless, hold-

ing the parched corn in the one hand, and in the other a few slices of dried deer meat.

"But now I hope," said the Frenchman, raising the mug, and emptying it at the same time, "Tokeah will taste of our Chambertin."

The Indian took the replenished mug and drank.

"Friendship and alliance!" exclaimed Lafitte.

"Tokeah has never raised his tomahawk against his guests and his brothers, nor will he do it now. His hand is extended and will not be shut; but the voice of his people must be heard."

"The wind is shifting a little, but only a little," muttered the pirate, in French, to his lieutenant, uncorking another bottle.

"For to-day, I am tired—we'll see what the morning brings."

So saying, he rose, and without taking any farther notice of the miko or his lieutenant, he left the cottage for his own lodge.

Night had in the meanwhile closed in, and his example was soon followed by the lieutenant and Tokeah. But no night-song was heard, and only the shrill whistle of the sentinels, pacing up and down before the council house and the harbour, betrayed, every two hours, that there were living beings in the village of the Oconees.

CHAPTER XIII.

So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In sullen majesty and stern disdain:
 In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war,
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
HOMER.

"A BAD omen," muttered the pirate, the next morning to his lieutenant; looking at the same time through the window of his room, at the overcast heaven. "These savages will think that their Great Spirit looks with a dark eye upon every thing they are going to do to-day. Have you received the reports of the sentinels?"

"Yes, captain; there is an unusual stir in the village."

"Well, we shall see."

Both stepped out of the room. The sentinel pacing before the door presented arms, and the two leaders went towards the cottage of the miko.

There was something that seemed to prey on the pirate's mind; he was unable to muster up his frivolous gaiety, and though he tried to recall his self-confidence by every means, it would not do. The Chambertin was vapid, and even the delicious beaver tail scarcely affected his taste.

The miko himself seemed to have exchanged his undisturbed calmness for a restlessness, which

he never before displayed. He rose several times, but sat down again as if recollecting himself—Lafitte and his lieutenant exchanged significant glances. The miko rose and stepped before the door, bending his ear in a listening attitude towards the bank, and again returned. But scarcely was he seated when he sprang on his feet, and hurried with a hasty step through the avenue.

The pirates looked astonished at each other—when a burst of joyful shouts rang from one end of the village to the other. Both ran out of the cottage towards the bank; the whole village was stirring, from behind every hedge, every corner, and avenue, the dusky forms of warriors, women, and children were seen bounding towards the council house, to which the miko led the way.

On the opposite side of the river, about thirty Indians were seen halting on the bank; all of them mounted on horseback. They apparently examined for a moment the depth of the water, and then plunged, in the same ranks as they halted, into the wide stream.

The passage across the river was more than three hundred yards, it was far from being without danger, but the expert horsemen seemed to be in their element; almost in unbroken ranks, they swam their horses over.

“Sacre,”—muttered the pirate, clenching his teeth, and grasping his sword involuntarily, at so unwelcome a sight; as if uncertain what was to be done. “Ten good muskets now”—

“Your pardon, captain,” muttered Monsieur Clorand, with the assurance of a connoisseur—“it wouldn’t do.”

The band had reached the cove, where the canoes were dangling by their ropes of twisted grass. They leaped from the backs of their

horses on shore, drew them up the bank by their bridles, and sprung again on their backs, more like birds than human beings.

The foremost was now within a few paces of the Oconeas, who waited with their miko before the council house, when the ring opened, and the old chief advanced, with the palm of his hand extended.

"The chief of the great Cumanchees and of the Pawnees of the Toyask, is welcome!"

The young Indian, to whom the words were addressed, halted and received the salutation sitting on his horse, with a respectful inclination of his head. When the old man had spoken he threw himself from his charger, and advanced with the palm of his hand extended towards the old man. When he had come up close to him, he bowed, seized the hand of the old man, and laid it on his forehead.

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted than the dry, almost withered miko of the Oconeas, with his stern, taciturn, and melancholy expression—and the open, graceful, and lofty mien of the stranger. His oval head covered with a picturesque head-dress of plumes; his arching brows and open countenance of a light copper hue, that seemed to despise the painting of most of his wilder followers; his Roman nose and stately form, set off to full advantage by the blue fox skin that covered his chest; and the panther hide that floated from his back, fastened with golden clasps on his shoulder, presented a figure, that would have delighted Thorwaldsen or Canova. His was the pure stature of manly beauty and majestic grace, reared up in the free and delightful plains of Mexico, and in the midst of a powerful tribe, who knew of no master, but the Great Spirit.

The Oconees made a miserable figure beside him. A poniard, the handle of which was of gold, stuck in his girdle; a short rifle and a lance of proportionate length, from which hung a horse tail, presented an armament, which for excellence and appropriateness could not have been better selected.

As soon as the young chief had thrown himself from his horse, the animal was caught by one of his men. It was a fine full-blooded charger, covered with a panther skin, whose corners were fastened with golden clasps to the neck and tail, two sockets hung down on both sides, instead of the stirrups, in which the lance and the rifle of the rider rested.

Similar in dress and accoutrements to this young chief, were four other warriors of the powerful Indian nation of the Cumanchees. They wore their hair parted on the forehead, their colour was a mixture of the copper and olive hue. They were proud in the extreme, and looked down at every thing with sovereign contempt. Round the necks of their horses hung the lasso, that dangerous weapon, with which the Mexican Indian catches enemies, horses, and buffalos in his wildest ride, by throwing the sling over the head of his foes or his game.

The rest of the band were Pawnees of the Toyask tribe. Their hair was cut close, and only a tuft was left on the top, plaited with great care. Over their shoulders hung a buffalo robe, dressed and worn with the hair inward. A girdle an inch wide and tied, encircled their bodies; to it was attached their breech cloth; they wore mocassins of elk skin.

About half of their number were armed with rifles, all of them, however, carried lances, with

a long scalping knife, that might have been taken for a hanger, besides a tomahawk. They were well formed and powerful men, compared with whom the Oconees, with their slender arms and narrow chests, looked like so many children.

"My brother is thrice welcome!" repeated the miko, after a pause, during which his eye had rested with a beam of bright satisfaction on the youthful, noble-looking chief.

"Has the great El Sol thought upon the words that the miko has sent by his runner?"

"He has brought open ears and a wide heart," returned the young chief. "Is the talk of the great miko for the ears of El Sol, or may the warriors of the Cumanchees and Pawnees listen to his words?" added he after a pause.

"The chiefs of the Cumanchees and of the Pawnees, are welcome in the council wigwam of the Oconees. They are the brothers of the Oconees."

When the miko had uttered these words, the four Cumanchees dismounted, followed by an equal number of the Pawnees and Oconees. Both the chiefs went with the dismounted warriors into the council house. As soon as the chiefs and warriors had entered the cottage, the rest of the Indians threw themselves from their horses; taciturn and proud, they stood, leaning on the necks of their snorting animals, all of whom, instead of saddles, had a buffalo skin thrown over their backs, with two sockets, where their arms rested.

They looked at the equally reserved, but less warlike Oconees, with that indifference with which a sergeant of the guards, might view a band of militia.

Nearer, towards the harbour, stood the Oconees,

with no other weapons than a knife in their girdle; silent, and in suspense. Behind them, and at a respectful distance were the young men, and still farther the boys, squaws, and girls,—with whom habitual respect did not permit a nearer approach. Four of the pirate's crew lay stretched in their boat, lolling on their hands, and looking at the savage, but to them novel scene, with a sort of stupid, malignant interest. On the bank the chief pirate and his lieutenant were seen sauntering towards the upper end of the village. Now and then they threw a sharp reconnoitring glance at the dark groupes, that betrayed they were deeply interested spectators. An hour might have elapsed, when the door of the council house, in which the chiefs held their consultation, opened, and Tokeah appeared, moving with somewhat a hastier step than common, towards the bank. His eye seemed in quest of something, and the sailors probably guessing at it, pointed silently up the bank. The pirate halted as soon as he observed the miko, and suffered him to come close up.

“The chiefs of the red men have entered the lodge that the miko has given to his brother, to hold their council there,—will the chief of the Saltlake listen to their talk?”

The pirate made an assenting nod, and followed through the multitude that stood before the council house. Scarcely a glance fell on them as they passed through the Indians, and there was not the least indication of curiosity, which in a more civilized country, would have tried to read on the countenances of these two important personages—what was likely to happen. When they had entered, the old miko pointed silently to an empty seat.

"Chief of the Saltlake!" began he, after a pause, and with a solemn tone. "Twice have the trees of the woods cast off their leaves, and been again dressed by the Great Spirit, since Tokeah and his people have hunted, and their squaws have hoed corn for Lafitte and his people."

"That is settled," interrupted the pirate, waving his hand haughtily—"To the point."

The Indians sat unmoved—El Sol, however, raised his head, with an air not unlike that of a judge, who examines the physiognomy of the culprit, whom a sinister fate has brought before his shrewd inquiring eye.

"The miko of the Oconeas," continued the Indian in the same unmoved tone, "cannot hunt any more for the chief and his people. The red people and the people of the Saltlake must go different paths, and must never meet more."

"In other words," again interrupted the pirate, "you decline the union and alliance with Lafitte. And may he know the reason?"

"Look here," said the old man, rising at the same time, and pointing through the window at the cotton tree that overshadowed the cottage,— "It sprang up seven summers ago, when it was very small, and the peck of a bird might have torn it from the place where the wind had thrown the seed; but it has grown and the arms of ten red men could not lift it from the ground; it would bury them under its weight. The chief of the Saltlake will never become a hunter in the prairies; he likes to stretch out his hands after what is not his own; he will never learn to be satisfied, when he has but little."

The pirate threw a piercing glance at the old man, his hand fell involuntarily on his sabre, but the chief continued unmoved.

THEY WERE NOT WHOLELY THE SAME. THE OLD MAN AND
 THE NEW MAN WERE BOTH OF THE SAME AGE. THE OLD MAN
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"I struck more blows than
is than the chief of the Sante-
toes: he laughs at the talk of

"Are you afraid of a privation of
so harm? What care we if we
of Louisiana, here it lies

"I repeated the word. — How
can I mean that?"

"In the province of Texas it means
a pirate, with some resemblance

"I had been during my stay in the
of the Sante, under the impression that
with his people, on the territory
the great father of the white people
of the United States. The great
had haunted the poor Indian, seeking
Lafitte knew how important the
would be to the old man, but that with
information in order to bring him in a
elimination, in case of any sudden emer-
should put him entirely at the power.
I had it now probably in the scope of ex-
ambitious schemes of the Indian and
than that of joining the Comanches.
the pirate began to suspect was the word

"The old man had listened to the words of La-
with ears and eyes wide open," is the
expression. He drew a deep breath, re-
rieved from a heavy load.

"Then the miko of the Osage said to me
lands, claimed by the great father of the
people?"

"Be sure not—I can show you the map,"
gave a pocket-book from his vest.

"The miko only talks what the friends and the enemies of the chief of the Saltlake talk too. Look," said he, taking from his pouch the proclamation heretofore mentioned, and spreading it before the pirate, "the father of the white people has set a price of many dollars on his scalp; he calls him a thief."

"And that poor scrap of paper is the cause of all your backslidings?" returned the pirate, with a voice, whose rage was but ill-concealed by the air of contempt with which he glanced at the paper. "These poor five hundred dollars. Will you deserve them? Here are thousands, twice thousands."

The Indian looked displeased.

"Lafitte," said he, "is in the wigwam of the miko of the Oconees, and he is safe. The red men are poor; their wealth is the firelock and the arrow, with which they hunt the buffalo and the deer; they little want the riches of Lafitte; but little would he find among them; their track must go different ways."

"I thought Tokeah was a man," said the pirate, who forced himself into a coolness which it seemed difficult to maintain. "I thought he was a brave enemy, who would not forget the wrongs which the white people have inflicted on him—but I see I am mistaken; a bit of paper frightens him. He is not a man."

Fire began to kindle in the dry, withered countenance of the old Indian, at the taunting imputation. But with a reserve truly admirable, he opened his chest and showed the terrible emblems, which the bayonets and knives of his white and red enemies had carved upon his breast.

"Tokeah," said he, after a pause, and with a

half-choked voice, "has struck more blows, and received more wounds than the chief of the Salt-lake has fingers and toes; he laughs at the talk of the chief."

"Why then are you afraid of a proclamation that can do you no harm? What have we to do with the governor of Louisiana, here in Mexico?"

"In Mexico!" repeated the miko. "How does my brother mean that?"

"We are in the province of Texas in Mexico," said the pirate, with some reluctance.

The old miko had been during his stay on the banks of the Natchez, under the impression that he was still with his people, on the territory claimed by the great father of the white people, (the President of the United States.) The dreadful thought had haunted the poor Indian, sleeping and waking. Lafitte knew how important the discovery would be to the old man, but had withheld the information in order to bring him to a quick determination, in case of any sudden emergency, that should put him entirely into his power. He imparted it now probably in the hope of giving to the ambitious schemes of the Indian, another turn than that of joining the Cumanchees; which the pirate began to suspect was his intention.

The old man had listened to the words of Lafitte, "with ears and eyes wide open," to use his own expression. He drew a deep breath, as if relieved from a heavy load.

"Then the miko of the Oconeas does not live on the lands, claimed by the great father of the white people?"

"To be sure not—I can show you the map," drawing a pocket-book from his vest.

The proceedings, however, of the party had probably gone too far; a glance at the young chief, who began to look more attentively, brought the old man into his former reserve.

"The hand of the Great Spirit," said he, "lays heavy on the red people. He has darkened his face, their braves are struck; their bones lay white on the ground, and their blood has flown in streams. It is time that the tomahawk be buried, or the children of the red men will be sent from the face of the earth. They have many enemies; they cannot add to the many, still more. They cannot brighten the link between themselves and the people of the Saltlake."

"Tokeah!" said Lafitte, with an air of concentrated rage and pride—"I am come to offer you my alliance. Lafitte, the dread of the seas between America and Europe, is come to offer you his alliance with his braves, according to your wishes. You may reject it; Lafitte is too proud to solicit a favour, where he confers one. It is not I who gain by it—it is you. Miserable beings, as you are, the great Lafitte condescends to offer you his alliance. He will protect you—it is his last offer."

He pronounced these words in so lofty a manner, that the Indians raised their hands in astonishment.

"The miko," said the old man, in his unmovable calmness, "is gone from the lands of his father, because the treacherous whites have settled there; his soul longs after people of his own colour, his heart is sick of the whites. But the miko of the Oconees has not fled from the white people, to take the worst of them into his bosom. The link that fastened the men of the Oconees to the people of the Saltlake, must be broken,

when their chief has turned his back on the wigwams of the red men."

"It is well," said the pirate, with a forced composure. "According to your promise I expect Rosa to be delivered to me. You have promised her to me, I claim her as my own."

"Tokeah promised the White Rose, when his people should become one with those of the Salt-lake; but they will never become brethren. My brother must look for another wife."

A ghastly grim smile shot athwart his countenance, as he darted a furious parting glance at the miko. The chief of the Cumanchees looked up, but none of the Indians spoke a single word. They sat in a respectful silence, and gazed in the same manner after the departing pirate.

CHAPTER XIV.

He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE sun had nearly reached its meridian when the chiefs left the cottage, for the great council that was now to take place.

The minor chiefs and warriors had already formed themselves into two large circles. The inner ring was occupied by the elder warriors, who, armed with their tomahawks and scalping knives, sat silent, squatted on their haunches, waiting the appearance of the principal persons.

The space towards the council house, as a place of honour, was entirely left to the Pawnees. They sat in one range, all of them being approved warriors. As soon as the old miko and the chief of the Cumanchees came from behind the avenue, all the swarthy forms arose, and opening the ring, the chiefs passed through. The Cumanchees and chiefs of the Pawnees formed again a third smaller ring, the centre of which was occupied by Tokeah and El Sol. The grave, firm, and proud mien of the savages; their dark, keen glance, and lofty bearing, bespeaking their consciousness of unrestrained freedom, so clearly discernible in their countenances, gave to the assembly a truly imposing character.

When the third circle was formed, the men

seated themselves, and one of the elder brought Tokeah the lighted pipe of peace. He inhaled its smoke, and directed the first puff upwards to the Great Spirit, the second towards mother earth, the third horizontally, expressing his good will towards his friends. After these three puffs, the pipe passed into the hands of El Sol, and from him round the inner and outer circles. When the pipe had made the round three times in honour of the three tribes, of which the assembly was composed, Tokeah rose and began his speech. His address, as our readers may suppose, breathed that implacable vengeance against his white enemies, which had grown old with him. He dwelt on the insidious means by which he and his tribe had been spoiled of their lands, on the frauds and injustice they experienced from the white traders, on the traps and nets that were spread to catch him and his people, and how, prompted by the desire to live where he would never again behold his foes, he had chosen his present place of exile. He mentioned his connexion with the pirate, in terms as little offensive as possible, and touched slightly upon the proclamation of the father of the whites, which did not allow him and his people to dwell longer on the stream, that was so near the people of the Saltlake. He passed then to the capture of Cannondah, and painted, rather than described, the noble self-devotion with which she was delivered by El Sol—and how the two tribes had fastened the link, that was to tie them for ever to each other. He told them that the young chief was about to become a son and a scion of the great miko of the Oconees, that they would form in future but one people, when they might laugh at their enemies.

"It is time," concluded he, "to draw the link closer, that was broken between the red men—to call together the children of the great red family, who have wandered widely asunder. The Great Spirit has talked through the deed of the mighty chief of the Cumanchees and Pawnees, he has brought the extended hands together. The miko seized the hands, and will never break the link. The arm of Tokeah begins to grow stiff, his feet are becoming weak, he looked round for a scion, and he looked in vain—the Great Spirit sent him one in the deliverer of his daughter. The blood of the miko will not be extinct from the earth. It will mingle with that of the great chief of the Cumanchees. He will be a son to the miko, a father, a chief, a warrior, a brother to the Oconeas. Men of the Oconeas, behold the son of your miko."

The eyes of the assembly were turned with an expression of love and admiration towards the young chief. He rose now, and inclining his head to the miko, looked for a moment round, and began thus:—

"It is many summers since, and El Sol had not yet seen the day-star which the Great Spirit made, as a torch for the two great forefathers of the red men, to lighten the track of their canoe across the Saltlake; when the young men of the Pawnees of the Toyask, crossed the big water that lay between them and the green prairies of the red men, who live in the wide country of Mexico. They made themselves lodges, and said, let us stay and hunt there; for buffalos and elks are plenty. When they had hunted ten suns, the red men of Mexico had found out their trail, and they came with a cloudy face, arm-

ed with firelocks, and mounted on swift horses. The men of the Pawnees are warriors, and they did not turn their backs on the red men; the war whoop resounded, and two of the red Mexican warriors were slain, the others were borne away on their swift horses. From one of the dying warriors, the Pawnees learned that they were braves of the great people of the Cumanchees. They returned to their lodges, with the scalps of the killed.

Great was the joy of the Pawnees, when their young men arrived before their chiefs, and showed them the scalps of their mighty enemies, and loud was the shout of joy. But Ettowah, the greatest of the chiefs, raised his voice, and the men were silent: "Men of the Pawnees," this was his talk, "you have taken two scalps of the mightiest red people who dwell between the rising and the setting sun. Their warriors are more numerous than buffalos, their horses quicker than lightning, their vengeance deadlier than the sting of the snake; before long, they will have crossed the waters, and the bones of the Pawnees will whiten on the ground, their lodges will be burnt, their scalps will be taken and dried in the smoke of their dwellings; men of the Pawnees! the face of Wacondah looks dark upon you, whose sons have gone, where they should not have set their foot; they have raised the war-whoop, when they were on a wrong path. Men of the Pawnees! you must make even what your young men have broken, you must appease the vengeance of the great Cumanchees, because, you have done wrong; it is better, that ten of our men die, than the whole people." Thus spake the great Ettowah; loud

were the wailings among the Pawnees, when they heard the talk of their greatest chief; but they listened to his words, and none fell on the ground.

The chiefs and warriors met in council, when the sound of the death-song arose from the circle of the young men.

It was the death-song of Black-eagle, the only son of Ettowah, the prop of his tottering age. The great Ettowah looked at the young warrior, his ears caught the sounds, but he sighed not: his soul was filled with joy. From nine mouths more burst the death-song, and ten young warriors of the Pawnees left their village, singing the funeral notes of their people. They crossed the waters, and rode on their horses in search of the village of the Cumanchees.

The Cumanchees are a mighty, but they are more, they are a brave, and a generous people; they are the pride and the flower of the red race. "The Great Spirit forbids," said they, "we should kill those, who came in peace amongst us; our brethren are safe. But two fathers of our men are without sons; two of your young men will be sons to them, the rest may return across the prairies." The Black-eagle was one of the two, who were chosen to become sons of the Cumanchees. Black-eagle had not seen more than twenty summers, but he had been thrice on the war-path against the Osages, and he knew how to kill a foe, and how to tame a wild horse. The Cumanchees loved him, and their daughters cast longing glances after the great hunter. But his soul was void and lone; his thought was with his father—his people—his brethren.

He loved the chace and the wild horse. Once,

when he roamed through the boundless prairies of the Cumanchees, his eyes were struck by a horse swifter than the deer, whiter than snow, and prouder than the elk. His soul longed after the pride of the wild horse, but it flew from him like lightning. Two suns he had followed its track, when he found it on the prairies of the greatest chief of the Cumanchees, who lives towards the burning sun. He threw his lasso, and the horse was his, when the door of the big lodge of the chief burst open, and the daughter of the chief came forth. It was her's; it had fled from the prairies and had sought its brethren. Black-eagle looked in the face of Corah, and the lasso fell from his hands, for the daughter of the greatest of the Cumanchees was bright as the morning sun. The white horse bounded towards the maiden, and she sprung on its back. "My brother," said she, "is weary, and Corah will lead him into her father's house, that he may rest his limbs; he is hungry, and she will feed him, and put before him the juice of the palm tree; he is sleepy, and she will spread a soft couch for him: come, my brother."

The Black-eagle ceased to long after the prairie of the Pawnees; for Corah was near him when he caught the white steed, and his eye saw the white horse when he went to the hunting ground.

"Thou art dearer to me," said the daughter of the great chief, "than the light of my eyes—thy breath is sweeter than the cool morning breeze; thy voice is like the sound of the birds in my ears. Ask El Sol for Corah; he will give you his daughter." El Sol had seen the deeds of the Black-eagle on the hunting ground, and his soul was with him.

"Black-eagle," said he, "my daughter looks with a kind eye on the young Pawnee, but the father cannot give his daughter to his young brother, who has not yet struck an enemy of his people. My people will be on the war-path, against the men of Mexico. My young brother must join them. When he returns with the tokens of victory, then he will be welcome as a son to El Sol." The Black-eagle heard the talk of the great chief, and his soul was delighted. He went on the war path, and he brought back with him two of the chiefs of the men of Mexico, and he became a son to the great El Sol, and lived in his father's great lodge. They became," said the young chief, in a slow solemn tone, "father and mother of El Sol, the chief of the Cumanchees and of the Pawnees."

The eyes of the whole assembly hung rivetted on the young chief, as he paused in deep emotion.

"The leaves," continued he after awhile, "had changed not more than once, when the Great Spirit called the father of Corah to the prairies. The chiefs and warriors of the Cumanchees had assembled to hear the dying words of their wisest and greatest chief. Men of the Cumanchees," said he, "Black-eagle is a great chief, and a brave warrior, but the voice of our forefathers, to whom the red men listen, forbids that he shall ever become a chief of the great Cumanchees. But the blood of Corah must again become a Cumanchee. Behold your future chief in the son of Corah!"

When the old chief had spoken these words, his soul left the body, and fled to the Great Spirit. El Sol thus became chief of the Cumanchees, when he was but a few moons old.

Black-eagle returned to the village of the Paw-

nees, and Corah and El Sol followed him. Four chiefs of the Cumanchees accompanied the daughter of El Sol and her son, to guard their future chief, and to bring him back, when he would not need any more the milk of his mother. Black-eagle became a great chief among the Pawnees of the Toyask. He was a terrible cloud to the Osages, and they fled in vain before him. Fourteen summers had passed away, seven times the Cumanchees had returned, and as many times came others to watch over the young chief; when white men, who said that their great father had bought the country between the big river and the Saltlake, came to settle on the hunting ground of the Pawnees. They were not many at first, but they soon came in great numbers. The Pawnees saw their traces with a dark eye, but Black-eagle made them extend their hands in friendship toward the white men. The white men took their horses, and cheated them in their bargains. For a summer the voice of Black-eagle talked for the white men, but the ears of his people began to elose against his talk, and they raised the hatchet against their new enemies. The weed began to grow fast between the two people. Black-eagle was hunting; he followed a deer that fled from his firelock, when he met a party of white men with guns. They looked into the stern face of the chief, and their soul became thirsty after his blood. Before he spoke, the treacherous ball had pierced his bosom, and he weltered in his blood. The white men fled, and left the chief with the deadly lead in his bosom.

The great light of Heaven had sunk behind the world, and Corah waited in vain for the return of her beloved husband. She anxiously

gazed into the dim twilight; she listened with her ears wide open; she threw herself upon the ground, to catch the light footsteps of Black-eagle—but in vain; no sound was heard, but the barking of the prairie wolf, and the roaring of the buffalo. She caught the arm of El Sol and rushed into the dark woods. When mother and son had followed the trail of their father in the dim moonlight for a long time, they heard the groans of the wounded chief. The moon shed her dreary light on the pierced bosom of the great chief, Corah sunk by his side. Her shrieks opened his eyes, and he fixed them on his wife and on his son. “Go,” said he, “and call the chiefs and the warriors of the Pawnees, the words of their dying chief must be heard by many, that they may not be lost.”

The son flew back to the lodge, and his cries roused the warriors of the Pawnees. They came with the chiefs of the Cumanchees, to hear the dying words of their greatest chief.

When they were all assembled round their chief, Black-eagle opened once more his lips:

“The ball of the white men has struck the bosom of the chief; he is fallen, and must sleep in the earth. But the soul of Black-eagle, will see the face of Wacondah in the midst of his clouds, and his prayer will be that of a Pawnee. For El Sol he will demand the soul of a great warrior, and the strength of a buffalo. Listen, men of the Pawnees, to the dying chief. El Sol is, by right of his mother, one of the great chiefs of the Cumanchees, of the mightiest people of the red men. Thither my son must go with the warriors of the Cumanchees, who have watched his path into the village of the Pawnees. He will go as soon as the war horse is killed on the

grave of his father. They will receive him as their chief; they will show him how to catch the wild horse, and his foes. They will give his feeble arm the strength of the mighty, and to his feet the swiftness of the elk. They will make him a powerful chief, who braves his enemies. When El Sol has lived seven summers and winters among the Cumanchees, he will return to the people of his father, and teach them what he has seen, and lead them to the prairies of the Cumanchees. Listen, my children, to the last talk of Black-eagle. The Pawnees are great warriors, but their numbers are few, and the white people are the enemies of the red race. Their souls are dark with falsehood, their tongues with foul lies; they are always hungry, their hands always extended, for the wealth of the red men. They came showing the palm of friendship, but their soul breathed treachery, they smoked the calumet of peace with the red men, but they met Black-eagle alone, and smote his heart with the deadly lead. My children are brave, but their numbers are few—the white men are as numerous as the trees of the woods. Listen now once more to the last talk of your dying chief. El Sol is a chief of the Cumanchees, he will brighten the link that Black-eagle has worked between the two people. Their lands are many suns wide; their buffalos and horses cannot be counted. My children will go there. El Sol, when he comes back after seven suns from their villages, will clear their path. My children must not avenge the death of Black-eagle before their time. The panther crouches, before it takes its leap. My men must wait till they become strong, till they are united with the Cuman-

chees. If they raise the tomahawk now, they will be blown from the face of the earth. The arm of the Pawnees is too weak to strike a blow, but the arms of the Cumanchees, and of the Pawnees will avenge the death of Black-eagle. From the prairies of the Cumanchees," said the voice of the dying chief, "will spring the tree of liberty for the red people, and under its green branches, they will gather, and it will stand like the big hills that are covered with snow for ever. The people of Mexico will break the iron rod, with which the great chief who lives beyond the Salt-lake strikes them. Not many suns, and the tomahawk will be buried for ever between the men of Mexico, and the Cumanchees. The spirit of Black-eagle, the adopted son of the Cumanchees, beholds the star of Tlaskala rising, and, like the sun, shedding its light over the wide lands of the Cumanchees. Then, my brethren, then, the time of revenge is come. Then the tomahawk will be lifted."

The silvery clouds, that covered the pale face of the moon, fled away, and when the men of the Pawnees again beheld their chief, his soul had fled.

Wacondah has smiled on the prayer of Black-eagle. El Sol has returned with his mother and the Cumanchees, into the prairies where his eye first beheld the light of heaven, and the Cumanchees have wreathed round his head the plumes stuck in gold, that the father of his mother once wore. They went with him to show him the lands that were now his own, and the men and women who were his slaves. He stayed with his brethren seven summers, before he went to see the people from whom he was descended, for the last time. He has brightened the link and cleared

the path between the Cumanchees and Pawnees. The trees have twice cast off their leaves, since El Sol dwelt in the lodge, where his father lived; he has opened his lips, and talked to the people of his father. But the heart of many of the chiefs and warriors of the Pawnees is tied to the water, where they have paddled the canoe when they were very little; their eye is fond of looking at the graves where their fathers are buried. They have listened to the talk of El Sol, but their heart was with their village, and their hunting grounds. But the voice of Wacondah who spoke through Black-eagle, must be obeyed, and El Sol must not longer dwell with the Pawnees. The death talk of Black-eagle is now fulfilled, and the Cumanchees are now brothers of the men of the Mexicos, and masters of their own lands. Their chiefs are smoking the pipe of peace with the great warriors and wise men of Mexico, their warriors are the first among those of the men of Mexico.

Men of the Oconeas!" concluded the young chief, waving his hand loftily, and pointing proudly westward—"the path of El Sol lies towards the setting sun."

The effect of his words was powerful, and instantaneous; without waiting further for the customary consultation and decision of their elder warriors, they rose, saluted the young chief unanimously as their chief, and as successor of the Miko.

The old miko raised himself with all the dignity of his station.

"The arms of the miko have become withered like the limbs of a rotten tree, but those of El Sol are strong—his feet are slow, but those of El Sol are swift. The old tree is dying, but he has

left a scion that will give him children, and will be a father, a brother to his people. El Sol will be a kind miko to the Oconeas, when Tokeah is no more."

So saying, he took from his head the crown of plumes of the ancient mikes, and placing it on the head of the Cumanchee, saluted him as successor.

Every one of the Oconeas now came forward to pay him homage, and to salute the Cumanchees as brethren. The assembly then separated, amid long continued shouts.

CHAPTER XV.

But in the midst of this bright shining day,
 I spy a black suspicious threat'ning cloud.
 SHAKSPEARE.

THE setting sun beheld the Indians revelling in all that savage extravagance, which was thought befitting so important an occasion, as their union with the great and powerful Cumanchees. As soon as the council broke up, the Pawnees were conducted to their assigned cabins, which the attention of their new allies had provided with all the comforts of savage life. The Pawnees, a race who were far inferior in those rudiments of manufactures and husbandry, into which the Creeks were initiated, beheld, not without astonishment, the comforts of their red brethren, which, trifling as they might have appeared to more civilized beings, were regarded by them as so many luxuries. It was perhaps the sight of this superiority, that somewhat softened the pride of these haughty savages, who even from the beginning had looked upon their new brethren with something like contempt. But the abundance of venison, of cakes, and above all of tobacco and firewater, with which the liberality of Canondah had provided every cabin, destined for the warriors of her future husband, raised them greatly in the good opinion of their guests. Their esteem was not diminished when they be-

held the weapons of their new brethren, a point of the last importance to a savage. The liberality of the pirate, as well as the industry of their women, had provided in the course of their acquaintance, nearly all the hunters with guns, an article in which the Pawnees were greatly deficient.

It was, therefore, not long before both tribes became more and better acquainted with each other, and the suspicion of the Oconees, and the the haughty reserve of the Pawnees, gave way before the good cheer.

But, of all Oconees, their miko seemed to have the greatest reason to congratulate himself. His most ardent wishes were on the eve of being fulfilled. His daughter was going to be united to the greatest chief of whom he had ever heard. His little tribe was to be incorporated with a mighty nation. With these bright realities associated the darker, but, to our miko, not less dear prospect of ultimate revenge on his white enemies. Seemingly calm, and even stern, the bright glance of his eye betrayed his joyful emotion.

The strict rules of Indian decorum had not yet allowed El Sol to see his bride. But the two chiefs were no sooner returned to their cottage, than the old miko took the hand of the young man, and led him towards the inner apartment. When the four Cumanchees observed the movement of the two chiefs, they left the cottage, posting themselves before the entrance.

"Take," said the old man, moving the folds asunder, "what is yours, and may the link that binds El Sol to Tokeah never become rusty."

Canondah approached slowly, and laid her hands crossed upon her bosom, her head inclined in the humblest attitude.

"Has not Canondah," whispered the young chief, with a soft voice, "forgotten El Sol of the Cumanchees, and will she follow him into the prairies that lay far towards the setting sun?"

"My deliverer—my master—my all—" whispered she, burying her face in his bosom.

They stood for a long while in a mutual embrace, when a suppressed sobbing indicated to the chief that they were not alone. El Sol turned round, and at the end of the apartment he beheld Rosa—her face covered with her hands. She had risen to meet El Sol, and had retired as soon as she understood the meaning of his visit. She felt that her presence would be a check to the tender greetings of the loving couple, and willingly would she have left the cottage, but for fear of the dreaded pirate. She had now shrunk back into a corner, looking with a melancholy smile at the happiness of her friend. Gradually a sweet recollection stole upon her mind, a tear glided from her eye, and no longer able to suppress her feelings, she sobbed aloud. Canondah disengaged herself from the embrace of the youth, and, sinking on her knees before Rosa, softly lifted her head, looking with inexpressible tenderness into her face.

"Do not weep, dear Rosa! El Sol will fill the heart of the White Rose with joy. He will not shut his eyes before the weeping girl, nor his ears to her prayers."

She raised the maiden half by force, half by her entreaties, and led her before the astonished youth.

She ventured to raise her head and cast a timid glance at him, whose eye was fixed on her with surprise. His mien seemed to inspire the

poor suppliant with confidence: crossing her hands on her bosom, she whispered—

“Generous El Sol! do not forsake poor Rosa, do not let her be carried away by the chief of the Saltlake?”

“What ails my sister?” demanded the young chief, in a tone of the softest melody.—“The chief of the Saltlake must look for another wife; the miko will not give him Rosa—he has talked.”

“God bless him and you!” exclaimed the weeping Rosa, stretching out her arms, and sinking overpowered by the joyful tidings on her couch.

Canondah ran to assist her friend, whose tears fell fast down her cheeks, when the sounds of harsh and threatening voices were heard before the cabin.

El Sol rushed rapidly out of the room. The pirate stood with his drawn sabre, facing the four Cumanchees, the lance of one of whom was cut asunder. The old miko had thrown himself between the parties, in imminent danger of being cut to pieces.

“I hope I shall not have to beg free access from these savages?” said the pirate proudly.

“The doors are open, but my brothers have watched them, because their chief has seen the girl that is to become his wife,” said the old man in a soothing tone.

“Miko!” said the pirate, waving his hand haughtily—“I am come to take farewell of you. You are going on another track—good luck to you! As a token that I part without enmity, take this!” pointing to a handsome rifle and a casket.

“My brother,” said the miko, with a mien

in which embarrassment was strongly depicted—"will not leave the wigwam when the sun is almost down—will he not partake of what the poor red men have to offer him?"

"Lafitte is too proud to drink the cup of friendship, with one who has rejected his hand. Miko, I wish you joy of your new allies. Once more farewell."

"Stay!" said the miko, trembling with shame at the refusal of his hospitality. "My brother must take back what he has sent to the White Rose; he will find beads and all."

So saying, he beckoned to two sailors, and entered the cottage, from which he soon returned with the travelling trunk.

The pirate stood for a moment, thoughtful, at the stern honesty of the old man. Extending his hand, he pressed that of the Indian, and without looking at the rest, turned with a short, quick, and proud step towards the bank. In a few minutes the boat was lost to the eye.

The unexpected departure of the pirate, had cast a gloom over the little assembly in the cottage of the old miko, and they sat silently down to their meal.

It was obvious that the separation from the gay lively Frenchman, fell hard upon the old chief. He had, during the two years of their connexion, behaved in a manner, which could not but gain him, if not the esteem, at least the affection of the Indian. He had become fond of his company, and liked to have him about his person.

Tokeah, as we have seen, was a man grown old under suspicion and danger; and the treacherous part which he himself had probably played, and which was again returned to him in a simi-

lar measure, had rendered his heart callous and morbid; but the mask under which Lafitte disguised his deeper designs, was so entirely different from the cold, sneering and taunting manner in which he had been treated by his white and red enemies, that he, who had never before seen a character of this cast, was naturally led into the belief, that his former guest was a harmless, lively creature.

The pirate had paid for the produce, and for the rough articles furnished by the ingenuity of the Indians, in a most liberal manner, and his intercourse with them had been on terms of perfect amity. It seems as if he had considered his sojourn in the village, a relaxation from his bloody trade—he had danced with them, hunted with them, and joined in all their savage and primitive sports. The gay and seemingly inconsiderate Frenchman, who joined a boundless liberality to a pleasant affability, and evinced, in all his dealings, an honesty which the Indian had never before experienced in his bartering with the white traders, had won his affections. His pride itself, was so unoffending, and referred so entirely to his own military deeds, that it never interfered with, or wounded the self-love of the Indian. There was, he thought, an immense difference between the taunting, sneering, contemptuous whites, as he generally termed the Americans; and the gentle unoffending French boaster, who prided himself upon his deeds, without undervaluing those of others.

It was, therefore, with something like reluctance, that he announced to Lafitte the necessity of their separation, and he would even at last, perhaps, have united with him, but for El Sol.

When he hinted to the young chief, during the consultation, that preceded the general council, the advantages that would result to them from a union with the pirate, he rejected the insinuation with a disdain, that shut the mouth of the old man for ever.

"Hitherto," said the noble youth, "the Oconeas have been the oppressed, and they will be received as such with open arms by the great Cumanchees; their hands have not been stained with the blood of women and children, their wigwams were never dishonoured by the spoils of the plundered. If Tokeah joins the thief, the villages of the Cumanchees will be shut against him; the Oconeas will deserve to be hunted down like ravenous dogs!"

The eye of El Sol had, during the short conversation, rested with long and searching scrutiny on the pirate, and the keen and furious glances of the latter, did not escape him. Perhaps he, being descended from a mother of warmer feelings, judged better of the power of love, than to suppose Lafitte would give up his claim, without a struggle. Certain it was, he felt an uneasiness for which he was unable himself to account. It was not fear, nor anxiety, but it was something like a presentiment. He arose and went out of the door.

The village was in absolute uproar. The sounds of songs and of bells, the shouting of revellers, who bounded about in every direction, with their lighted torches, seemed painful to him.

His Pawnees had joined the Oconeas in the night dance, and they now in their turn, performed the war dance.

The young chief gazed for a moment at the group, and again joined the miko and his Cumanchees.

"My father," said the young chief, in a tone both respectful and firm, "is wise, and his eyes have seen many summers, but the soul of the thief is cloudy!"

"It is the soul of a dancing girl, that frowns, when her beads have been taken from her," said the old man, pointing to the inner room.

"His tongue," returned El Sol, "is the tongue of a serpent, and his eye too; let my father beware of him!"

"The eyes of Tokeah have seen him for two summers, and beheld a girl," said the old man with that assurance which clings, in old age, with so much obstinacy to an adopted opinion.

"His men," said the Cumanchee, thoughtfully, "are few, and the rest of them are many suns off; and El Sol knows that the Oconees will move tomorrow."

Though he was not ignorant of the yawl that had been sent down the river, yet as the circumstance had frequently occurred during the former protracted sojourns of Lafitte, the miko did not think it worth while to add to the uneasiness of his guest, by mentioning its departure. Perhaps it was the same predilection for his adopted opinion that again closed his mouth. He was a man, as we have seen, who clung, like the tiger to its prey, or, like the wild vine to the trees. He had conceived a favourable, or, in his savage opinion, rather an unfavourable opinion respecting the valour of the pirate, and it settled down among the rest of his fixed ideas not to be again shaken.

The young chief made an acquiescing inclination and was silent.

The night was now far advanced, and the dance was over, the sounds of the instruments had died away, only single shouts and yells resounded from the lingering stragglers; at last even these were heard no more, and the whole was hushed into silence. When the Cumanchees had retired, the old miko arose silently, and, seizing the hand of El Sol, led him into the inner apartment.

"Canondah!" said the old man, in a mild tone.

The girl stood already before him, her hands as usual crossed on her bosom. A melancholy smile played on her anxious countenance, and a tear stole down her cheek; her bright playfulness was gone. The father took both hands of the young man, and laying them on the shoulders of his daughter, transferred thus his fatherly power to the new husband. Then, placing both his hands on their foreheads, he said—

"May the Great Spirit bless your union with many brave warriors."

"And shall El Sol lead a wife with an aching heart into his lodge?" demanded the bridegroom, with a mild voice.

"El Sol is dearer to Canondah than the cords of life, he is the sweetest flower that greets her eye, his voice is music to her ears, and his love is to her the spring of life—her heart is happy; but there stands her sister, lone and forsaken—will not El Sol cast a pitying glance at her?" said she, raising her hands in a supplicating manner.

"El Sol will be a brother to the White Rose," said the young chief.

"There is one," whispered the girl, "who is dearer to her than a brother, but he is far off."

The miko, who had stood silent and thoughtful, now made a sign.—Once more Canondah flew towards Rosa, and then she followed her husband into his lodge, the council house, to which the miko led the way.

CHAPTER XVI.

——— When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform!

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was midnight—the whole village was buried in sleep and silence. From the harbour a figure stole with wary steps towards the cottage of the miko, having a drawn sabre under his arm; he halted before the avenue, looked cautiously round, and was just going to retreat as warily as he had advanced, when he found a buffalo thong round his neck, and himself thrown on the ground with so sudden and irresistible a force, that it seemed more the work of an infernal than of a human being. His sabre fell from his hand before he was able to cut asunder the cord that threatened to strangle him. The whole was completed in so treacherous a silence, and with so incomprehensible a quickness, that a party of armed men who stood opposite the harbour, and scarcely sixty yards distant, were completely ignorant of what had passed.

But a yell burst now from unseen lips, that might have waked the dead; not many seconds afterwards the door of the council house flew open, and, amid the momentary flashes of a volley of musketry which came from the bank of the river, a dark dusky figure was seen bearing something heavy in its arm, and disappearing be-

tween the hedges towards the forest. Another yell broke from more than a hundred throats, and from every side, as fearful and terrible as if the demons of hell had been loose, and were taking their night rambles through the air. At the same time the regular volleying of musketry began to roll over the hill, and one cabin after another flashed up in a bright blue flame, that waxed soon into a reddish glare as it spread quickly over the cane roofs. In the midst of this tremendous uproar, a sound was heard that resembled the roaring of the lion when in its highest rage—it was the war-whoop of El Sol. He had been beguiled into sleep by the melancholy night song of Canondah. Roused by the well known yell, he had caught up his wife with one arm, seized with the other his mocasins, and was rushing through the door, when he was greeted by a volley of musketry from the harbour. The chief felt his left arm touched by a ball; his frame began to shake, a light terror thrilled through him.

“Canondah!” muttered he, in a husky tone, bounding, like the wounded deer, past the cottage towards the forest—“Canondah, fear nothing—thou art in the arms of El Sol.”

She gave no answer, her head sunk on her bosom, her whole frame began to relax. For a moment the dreadful thought struck him—but it was impossible—his arm had caught the ball. Only terror had overcome her, the blood that trickled down was from his wound.

While still flying from his treacherous unseen enemies, his warriors came yelling and bounding from every corner, every hedge, almost instinctively to his side. Before he had reached the skirts of the forest, he saw himself surrounded by his braves.

"It is the pirate!" muttered he to his wife, laying her softly down on the turf, and pressing once more a kiss on her lips—then stepping in the midst of his warriors, the dreadful war-whoop burst from his throat. "Look at the faith of the white thief," said he, pointing towards the burning villages.

It was a wild, picturesque, but magnificent sight—more than twenty cabins were in bright flames, illumining the whole landscape. The broad streaks of the glaring blaze, that burst through the vistas of cypresses and mangroves on the stream, showed every burning cabin separately in the illumined mirror of the water. Single reports of musketry were still heard, and after each discharge another cabin flashed up.

A deadly silence reigned in the band, only interrupted by the drunken Oconeas, who, roused from their dangerous nocturnal revels, came bounding towards the plain of common rendezvous, still ignorant, whom they had to look upon as their enemy.

"Where is Tokeah?" muttered fifty voices.

No answer was given. A faint shrill sound thrilled through the air, in the direction of the cabin of the miko. El Sol stood calm and silent, his eye fixed on the burning cabins, behind which, near the belt of wood, the glittering muskets of the pirate were distinctly seen. Not above five minutes had elapsed, since the first yell had announced the presence of enemies; but no sooner was the faint shriek heard, than he gave his orders in that decided tone, which bespoke consciousness of unlimited authority and habitual obedience. One of the Cumanchees glided away with the greater part of the Pawnees and all the Oconeas, while El Sol, with the

remaining Cumanchees, and a small band of chosen Pawnees, darted along the skirts of the forest.

The sloping plain on which the village was scattered, swelled, as we have already mentioned, immediately on the margin of the bank into a narrow elevation, overgrown with mangroves, myrtles, and cypresses, with a broad walk between the shrubs and trees. It rose about ten feet above the inclining plain, and perhaps twenty above the water's level. This belt ran down the whole length of the village, except at the harbour where it was broken, forming the small cove. At both ends of the swell, and immediately above the harbour, the glittering muskets betrayed the presence of two small pickets stationed to guard the boats. These pickets were re-enforced by the relieving scouts, who had discharged their muskets at the cane roofs. Along the upper bank, a range of out-posts formed a connecting link between these and a small body of armed men, who returned from the cabin of the chief, marching in a square, in the midst of which was Lafitte, bearing Rosa and the pinioned miko.

From the whole it appeared that it was the plan of the pirate to carry off the miko and Rosa in silence. He would have succeeded, but for two Cumanchees, who, according to the custom of this gallant people, had watched during the bridal night, behind the council house, where their chief was sleeping. They too had enjoyed rather liberally the treacherous gifts of the pirate, but their senses, though benumbed, were not gone, and they were roused from their slumber by the heavier footsteps of the scout, and the noise of the landing pirates.

Lafitte had probably seen enough during his intercourse with the Indians, and was of too determined and resolute a character to trust to contingencies; or, to neglect dispositions that might become necessary, in case of an attack from them. He was undoubtedly under the impression, that his small force would be more exposed to the Indians, if they were favoured by darkness, and he had therefore given orders to set the cabins, that stood nearest the bank, on fire, as soon as an alarm should be given.

Three marksmen were stationed at a short distance from the door of the council house, with orders to shoot down the young chief, whom he regarded as the most dangerous of the savages. He himself with a chosen band marched towards the cottage of Tokeah, to seize on the old miko and Rosa. So quick and determined had been his movements, that scarcely had the first yell died away, before the cottage was already surrounded. His little square had now reached the rising ground that ran down to the harbour, and the men were marching with a quick military step. No Indian was to be seen. The square was already near the landing place, and only a few paces from the picket stationed there. A few steps and they might reach their boats. The river was so wide and deep, that when they once were safely on the water, every attack must become impracticable—they had only to keep the middle of the current. But now, at once, the avenue seemed to become alive with the dark forms of the Indians, who had been crawling and winding along, like so many serpents, from the hedges that ran behind the cottages. Another party stole as warily from behind the council house.

"Shoulder arms!" muttered the pirate to his men, who stood firm and calm, like so many veterans, looking with a ghastly grin at their approaching enemies.

They had now joined the picket on the right side, and the square opened—Lafitte threw Rosa into the arms of a sailor, who was stationed in the long boat, made a sign to send Tokeah down in a still less ceremonious manner, and again joined his band. It presented two small, but terrible looking files of grim weather-beaten countenances, from all nations, and of nearly all complexions. They stood with their fixed bayonets thrown forward, silently waiting for their enemies. It was not long before the war-whoop burst from nearly a hundred throats, so frightful, as made even the hardened sailors creep, with something like a tremulous feeling. The terrible sounds were re-echoed by the scarce less frightful notes of the squaws and girls, who raised their voices in the death-song, hovering like demons behind the burning cabins—and, all at once the Indians rushed like so many she tigers, from whom their young ones have been taken, with headlong fury towards the rising ground. They were joined by the band from behind the council house.

A deadly smile shot athwart the visage of the pirate, as the Indians darted against them. They suffered them to approach the little ascent, and when they were within six yards of the muzzles of their muskets, the chief pirate muttered with a hoarse voice, "fire!" and the foremost rank of the assailants weltered in their blood. The Indians recoiled, and then, with another, and still more terrible yell, again rushed up the little ascent. But the pirates were no novices in the art of fighting—they had been trained to it,

amidst the howling of the hurricane, and the roaring of cannon. Throwing their muskets across the left arm, they coolly drew their pistols, and poured a second volley upon the savages. The little eminence that sloped down into the plain, was strewed with the bodies of the Indians, who now retired in confusion, and with yells of the wildest despair.

"March!" commanded the harsh voice of Lafitte, and the band moved down to the harbour.

At this decisive moment, two plunges were distinctly heard; the pirate turned round, and saw the bodies of the sailors, who had been left in the long boat, for a moment struggle in the water, and then sink to rise no more. Both long boat and yawl, propelled by an invisible power, shot towards the opposite bank.

"It is El Sol," muttered the pirate, with a ghastly smile; sending a couple of bullets from his pistols after the boats.

The pirates looked round, saw their boats gone, and stood for a moment, as if thunderstruck. Their suspense, however, was soon terminated; a well directed volley from their own long boat, awakened them from their terror. A second and still better directed fire, prostrated a third part of their number. The dreadful war-whoop now rose again, and more terribly than ever, from behind the cottages. Like demons the incensed savages rushed on the sailors—the conflict was short; unable to stand longer the terrible shock in front and rear, they threw their weapons down and cast themselves into the stream, to escape the tomahawks of their infuriated enemies.

Lafitte alone seemed determined to sell his life as dearly as possible: leaning against the bank, his sabre in the right, his pistol in the left hand, he

parried the stroke of an Oconee, who rushed headlong upon him with his tomahawk, and the next moment the savage fell lifeless at his feet—sending a ball through the head of second, he was again raising his sabre, when a lasso fell round his neck, and he was hurled to the earth.

The long drawn yells that rent the air announced the victory of the savages complete.

CHAPTER XVII.

All dark and comfortless.—

SHAKESPEARE.

No words can express the melancholy scene which the next morning displayed. In a wide circle, before the spot where the council house stood, were seated the forty slain Pawnee and Oconee warriors, their faces turned towards the rising sun, their backs leaning on logs that had been taken from the cabins which the fire had spared. They were attired in all the gorgeous, savage magnificence of warriors, who are to appear so before the Great Spirit. By the side of every Pawnee stood his war horse, hung with his rifle and his lance, and ready to accompany him on his last path to the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. Before the Oconees, poles were driven into the ground, on which hung their rifles and tomahawks, and a small net, in which the scalp of an enemy was to be enclosed. A few paces apart from the Pawnees, and towards the cottage of the miko, were placed the remains of Canondah. Her head rested on two poles, her corpse was covered with the most exquisite Indian dresses, and from her neck and ears hung a profusion of gold and silver ornaments. Two deadly balls destined for her deliverer, had pierced her devoted heart; the smile of resignation sat lingering on her placid countenance.

Behind these appalling forms, and on the ashes of the council house, a large pile of logs was erected. On it lay the scalpless bodies of the twenty-five pirates; below and round the pile were stretched Lafitte, with the rest of his men, bound with buffalo thongs, awaiting their doom; behind the funeral pile were the graves prepared to receive the fallen Indians. These were covered on all sides with bark, with four poles on their corners bent over and fastened at the top; a second covering of bark rested on the poles. An opening was left, through which the corpse was to be placed in the grave. Before every grave a blood-stained staff was firmly driven into the ground, waiting for the insignia of the warrior—the scalp of his enemy stretched upon a circular frame net-work.

At the extreme end of these was the open grave destined to receive the remains of Canon-dah.

It rested on cedar sapplings of from ten to twelve inches in circumference, and was entirely formed of bark, and lined with silk. A cushion filled with tillandsea, and covered with the same stuff was at the head. Round the grave, props of mangrove and palma-christi were planted. The cedar sapplings were to be covered with another roof, so as completely to shelter the remains from any injury. The funeral preparations had been finished, during the night and morning, under the superintendence of a Pawnee, in the mute and appalling silence, which characterises the mourning Indian. The living beings could scarcely be distinguished from the dead. Immediately opposite the fallen warriors, and in a wide half-circle, sat the men of the three tribes. Their garments thrown over their faces, their heads bent down

on their breasts, their legs crossed, in the deepest attitude of mourning, all of them uncovered and the Pawnees with their scalping tufts cast loose.

In front were the miko and the chief of the Cumanchees. Tokeah was calm, but the dim glassy eye, the convulsive contracted brow, and the ghastly hue of his countenance, showed the deadly cold that reigned in his heart. El Sol sat motionless like a statue, his noble forehead sunk on his breast, his whole frame betraying the keenest mental agony. He had loved Canondah with the elevated sentiment of a youth, whose first love was seasoned by the consciousness of a noble and gallant action. The very debt she owed him had rendered her doubly dear to him. He considered her as his own, bound to him by all the ties of gratitude. The debt was fully paid. But there sat one whose pangs it would be impossible to describe;—one, who had lost in the noble Indian, the only friendly heart that strewed flowers upon her thorny path. The hapless Rosa stared and gazed at her friend, with an air of insensibility. When her eye first beheld the lifeless body of one, who was more than a mother to her, she sank down motionless, almost lifeless. She did not weep, and wail, nor even shed a tear; but life and even motion seemed to be suspended. Unconsciously she sat, held by two girls, and gazed and stared with her dim eyes, more like an alabaster statue than a living creature. A little behind her sat the girls and squaws of the tribe in the same solemn silence. A stifled sobbing alone betrayed the grief that reigned in their hearts, and indicated the greatness of their loss. She whom they deplored had been so generous, so kind; her very shrewdness was so disinterest-

ed, had so wholly the happiness of her sisters for its aim, that she was esteemed more as a guardian and protector than a sister. She was envied by none, loved by all.

The mourning assembly had sat for about an hour, contemplating in mute sorrow the remains of their friends, when single moans began to escape the throats of the old squaws, followed soon by the louder wailings of the girls.

The lugubrious tones of the Indian flute and drum struck in, and the death song resounded from a hundred lips. It was melancholy beyond description. As the song had risen slowly, mournfully, and by degrees, so it again died away; a low murmur succeeded, that gradually increased as it went round the outer circle, where the squaws began to rise and to move towards the living victims. Their sounds became more distinct, the air of revenge was uttered first slowly, then loudly and more loudly, and at last was joined by the men.

"El Sol!" muttered the old man, "my brethren want to hear the voice of the great chiefs, that they may appease the angry souls of their fallen brethren."

El Sol gave no answer—his soul was immersed in deep thought.

The young chief started, looked round as one who awakes from a profound slumber.

"Let my brethren open their mouth, that El Sol may hear their talk."

The council began.

A warrior of the Oconees rose and addressed himself to the multitude. He began to paint in the flowery yet vivid colours, and in the sententious style of his race, the bravery of the slain, their deeds on the hunting grounds, and on the

war path, their wisdom in council. He depicted the wailing of their desolate widows and children, the treachery of the thieves of the Saltlake, and concluded by pointing at fifteen of the warriors, who would appear before the Great Spirit without a scalp from their enemies.

He was succeeded by a second orator, who with greater power strove still more to work up the feelings of the multitude.

When a third had spoken, the cries of the Oconees for the scalps of their enemies became louder and louder. They had suffered most in the combat. El Sol had prohibited a direct attack, and given strict orders to harrass the enemies, and to prevent their embarking. He had reserved for himself the greatest and most dangerous share of the battle. The noble youth, who had fought against the better disciplined troops of the Spanish Mexicans, knew full well, that the disorderly savages were no match for the tried and hardy pirate. But his orders had been disregarded; the Oconees no sooner saw their chief in the hands of the pirate, than they rushed on, still drunk, in the wildest confusion; without the stratagem and cool attack of El Sol, the enemies must have escaped.

So fierce, so impetuous was their onset—so regardless of every thing, that few balls of the pirates had missed their deadly aims. But few were wounded. They had nearly all of them been stretched lifeless on the ground. The more their own humiliating defeat preyed on their minds, the stronger became their thirst for vengeance. They would in their first rage have sacrificed the captured pirates, but for El Sol. So great, however, and powerful was the influence of the young chief over his Cumanchees or Paw-

nees, that a single word in the midst of the hottest strife, had changed his warriors from deadly enemies of the pirate into their protectors, and, as such, they had even received some slight wounds from the furious and drunken Oconees.

"And what does the wise Tlachtala say?" demanded El Sol of a Cumanchee who reclined by his side, his legs being pierced by two balls.

"El Sol," replied the Cumanchee, "knows the laws of the Cumanchees."

"And would a Cumanchee fight with a thief, when his hand and foot are tied to the stake?"

The Cumanchee shook his head contemptuously.

"And what would the Cumanchees do?"

"They would send for a Paquis, that he may hang the thieves on trees, that they may be food for eagles and vultures."

"El Sol's soul is that of a Cumanchee, and he will do as his brother says."

The eyes of the multitude turned now, with a longing expression, toward Tokeah and El Sol. The former raised himself slowly; but it was a long time before he could utter a word. His state of mind may easily be conceived. He could not conceal from himself, that he was in fact the only cause of the calamity that had befallen his generous ally and the remnant of his tribe. His pertinacity, his reliance on his own sagacity, had rendered him deaf to the warning voice of El Sol. Tokeah felt the heavy weight of these afflicting and humiliating thoughts, the more so as he was their chief, and was alone responsible for the disaster which had befallen them; the Indians being accustomed to confide fully in the wisdom of those whom they have chosen for their leaders. Shame and revenge were fear-

fully mingled in the few words that spoke out the fate of the pirates. They were condemned to die. When he had spoken, the multitude once more threw glances at the young chief.

There is nothing at all repugnant to the feelings of an Indian chief in the immolation of his captured enemies; on the contrary, it is their general and customary lot. But it was not so with El Sol, the chief of the Cumanchees, a people whose habits and manners differ widely from those of the roving savages of North America. A settled abode in the delightful plains of Santa Fe, a mild delicious climate, and a frequent, warlike intercourse with the Spaniards, by whom they are respected and considered as an independent nation, has raised their spirits far above the common level of the Indians, and greatly banished from their character that savage ferocity, which is so inherent in the oppressed minor tribes.

It is with these tribes as with greater nations. The more powerful the people, the more elevated will be their sentiments. The young chief of the greatest of the red men of Mexico, had acquired sufficient glory in the battles that he had fought against the Spaniards. He had scarcely deigned to go during his stay among the Pawnees, on the war path against the Osages, and when he went, he took only a small band of chosen warriors.

His soul longed now for a higher triumph—he had heard of the proclamation of the father of the whites, of the price that was set on the head of the pirate. The price was to him nothing. But to see the great chief, of whom he had heard so much, and to bring before the reputed and powerful warrior the captured pirate,

and thus to enjoy a higher triumph, was what agitated his soul. There was, perhaps, another impulse that influenced the romantic feelings of the youth—but this must be spared for future development.

When he arose, the eyes of all the men and women were rivetted on him; it seemed as if their own lives depended on his verdict.

"Are not my brethren the Oconees about to become Cumanchees?" said he, in a damped low voice. "Will they not listen to the talk of a Cumanchee, that he may tell our people, when he gets home, how their wisdom is valued by their new brethren?" The multitude stood silent, in the most strained suspense, without uttering a single groan.

"And will my brother," said the young chief, turning to a Cumanchee, who began to writhe under the exquisite pain that his wounds gave him; "will my brother tell his new brethren, what the Cumanchees would do with the captives?"

"They tie their prisoners to stakes, with their right foot and their right hand free, and give them their weapon, and six young warriors may fight singly with them. If the captive falls, they make take his life, and burn him; if the red warrior falls, then the captive becomes a Cumanchee."

The Cumanchee spoke with a subdued, faint voice, but with an expression sufficiently contemptuous, to betray how little he thought his new allies capable of following the more generous customs of his people.

"And what do the Cumanchees with the robbers, who steal their horses and their riches?" demanded the young chief, after a pause.

"They call the Paquis, that they may hang them on a tree by the neck, that they may thus become food for the vultures;" returned the expiring Cumanchee, whose effort had hastened his end. Once more he stretched himself, and then fell a lifeless corpse. The Cumanchees raised his body, and placed him in front of the slain warriors, his war horse by his side.

Though the Oconees had not entirely comprehended the meaning of the words, that were spoken in the Pawnee dialect, a tongue the chief had acquired during his sojourn among the savages, yet there was an indistinct feeling, that their victims would escape their fangs. A murmur of disappointment broke from the throats of the old crones, and they began their dance with the most ungainly gestures—their long glossy dishevelled hair, floating round their withered bare necks, the living pictures of female demons.

"The blood of our men cries for vengeance. The thieves have lifted the hatchet in the night, the blood of our brethren smokes, we will dip our tomahawks deep in the blood of thieves."

A murmur of applause rolled round when these daring words were heard; and, like half-tamed tigers, whose keen appetite had been edged by a long famine, and who, scenting blood, resume all their sanguinary yearnings, so the old crones, detaching themselves from the semi-circle, darted towards the victims. They were soon joined by the young squaws, and boys, and girls, of the tribe; gradually the younger warriors separated themselves, impelled by the same savage yearning, and at last the whole band of the Oconees followed.

The Cumanchees and Pawnees alone remained

behind their chief, who sat still by the side of Tokeah.

"And will my brethren not see the blood of their enemies flowing?" demanded now El Sol, turning towards his warriors.

"El Sol is the chief of the Cumanchees and Pawnees, and his words stick fast in their ears," said one of the Cumanchees.

The young chief arose, and anticipating the scene which was to follow, he raised the White Rose in his arms, and bore her behind the grave of her friend. He was scarcely there when a crash was heard, accompanied by yells and shrieks, whose sounds resembled more diabolical laughter than human voices.

Tokeah rushed towards the crowd. It opened, and a fearful sight presented itself. One of the victims lay hairless, and with his head cleft to the neck, on the ground.

On the head of a second, the blade of the scalping knife was just passing round the roots, while the left hand of the savage executioner held the hair in a firm grasp; his left knee was strained against the back of the wretch, and with a second crash the victim fell bloody on the ground. A stroke with the tomahawk ended his sufferings.

The whole had been the work of a moment. Tokeah was now in the midst of the savages. After awhile he returned with a slow pace, followed at a distance by the warriors of his tribe. Their sanguinary yearnings had been stilled, they had seen blood, and they returned, like dogs recalled by the stern threatening voice of their master. But, even in the height of their ferocious impulse, they had not dared to lay their hands

on Lafitte. It was Monsieur Clorand, the nocturnal scout, with one of the pirates, that had fallen victims to their rage.

"El Sol!" said the miko with a subdued voice, "the men of the Oconees will listen to the talk of the chief."

"El Sol," said the youth, in a mild but firm tone, "has stretched out his hands to receive the Oconees of the Creeks as his brethren, but they have shown him their teeth."

The old man gave no answer.

The young chief, raising his voice a tone higher and looking proudly round at his warriors, exclaimed—"Have the Cumanchees and Pawnees slept, while Tokeah was taken by the thieves? Have the Oconees taken the thieves, that they take their scalps too?" There was a sudden instantaneous stir among the Cumanchees and Pawnees; their hands grasped their lances and tomahawks, and they began to snort like war horses; their grim and gloomy countenances, assumed a ghastly ferocity. Another appeal, and they would have rushed upon the remains of a tribe, on-whom they had looked from the first with contempt. Tokeah trembled for the first time in his life.

"Have the Cumanchees and Pawnees," said he with a faltering voice, "always listened to the talk of their wise and great chiefs? Have they never strayed from the path, which their wise men have shown to them? and," continued the old man, in a still more subdued tone, "shall the link between brethren be broken, because the Oconees did what their fathers have done? My children are not yet Cumanchees. When they shall dwell in the prairies of the great people, then they will follow the talk of the chief."

Tokeah," continued the old man, "has never extended the palm of his hand in vain. Will my son reject it?"

A more humble, and a more conciliatory apology could never be uttered by a miko of the Oconeas.

El Sol seized the extended hand.

"Let my men hear the voice of the chief," said the old man in an imploring tone.

"Then let the hands and the feet of the white thieves be bound," said El Sol, with an elevated voice, "and let them be carried to the paquis of the white men, that they may hang them on their trees, and feed the birds of the air with their flesh. Let not the bones of robbers and of thieves, repose among the bones of red men, and mingle with them; that when the Great Spirit calls them to the hunting prairies, they may not appear before his face with mixed bones, and be as treacherous as the whites are."

"It is the voice of a prophet, of a great chief!" shouted a hundred voices.

The young chief stood thoughtful and silent.

"Wacondah," said he, after a long pause, "has called Canondah to the prairies—will the miko of the Oconeas give the White Rose to his son?"

A joyful assent gleamed through the ghastly features of the old man. "She belongs to El Sol," said he.

The melancholy funeral scene was over, the warriors and Canondah were laid low, the pile on which the fallen and slaughtered pirates were stretched, streamed its light glare in the setting sun, the horses were sacrificed—all were ready to leave for ever the fatal scene of the last night.

For the last time, the Oconeas were assembled

on the bank of the Natchez, when El Sol seized the cold hands of Rosa, saying, with a voice trembling with emotion—

“And will not the White Rose take farewell of those, in whose wigwams she has dwelt so long?”

The death-like being looked up to the mild speaker with a wistful tearless eye, without comprehending his meaning.

“Canondah,” continued the chief, with the most touching tenderness, “is waiting with the Great Spirit for El Sol, and the White Rose will not find the friend of her bosom in his wigwam.”

Not a sign of consciousness escaped her, not a tear flowed from her eye; she gazed and stared as if inanimate.

“The path of the White Rose would be dreary and rough on the prairies of the Cumanchees; Canondah has prayed for El Sol, that he may bring her sister to her people.”

“Canondah!” she now exclaimed, and a stream of tears rushed from her eyes. It was the first word she had uttered, the first sign of life she had given, since the death of Canondah.

Her anguish was broken. The whole crowd looked upon this scene with deep emotion; the girls sobbed loud; even the eyes of the old crones began to moisten.

“El Sol,” continued the chief, with melancholy sweetness, “knows how dear the voice of one is, for whom our heart beats; he has hastened to the village where Canondah lived. Will the White Rose listen to the same voice, and hasten to the white youth?”

A faint ray of hope blushed upon the pale countenance of the hapless being.

“El Sol is going with his ^{on land}braves to the white people. Will the White Rose go with him?”

“Arthur!” exclaimed she, “Oh, Arthur!” and, unconsciously opening her arms, she was sinking under the sudden influence of hope. The chief caught her, and waved his hand, the crowd separated. The women, with their children, and the greater part of the two united tribes, embarked. El Sol and Tokeah, with the Cumanchees, and a small body of Pawnees and Oconeas, turned with the pirates towards the rising sun. The White Rose was among the latter.

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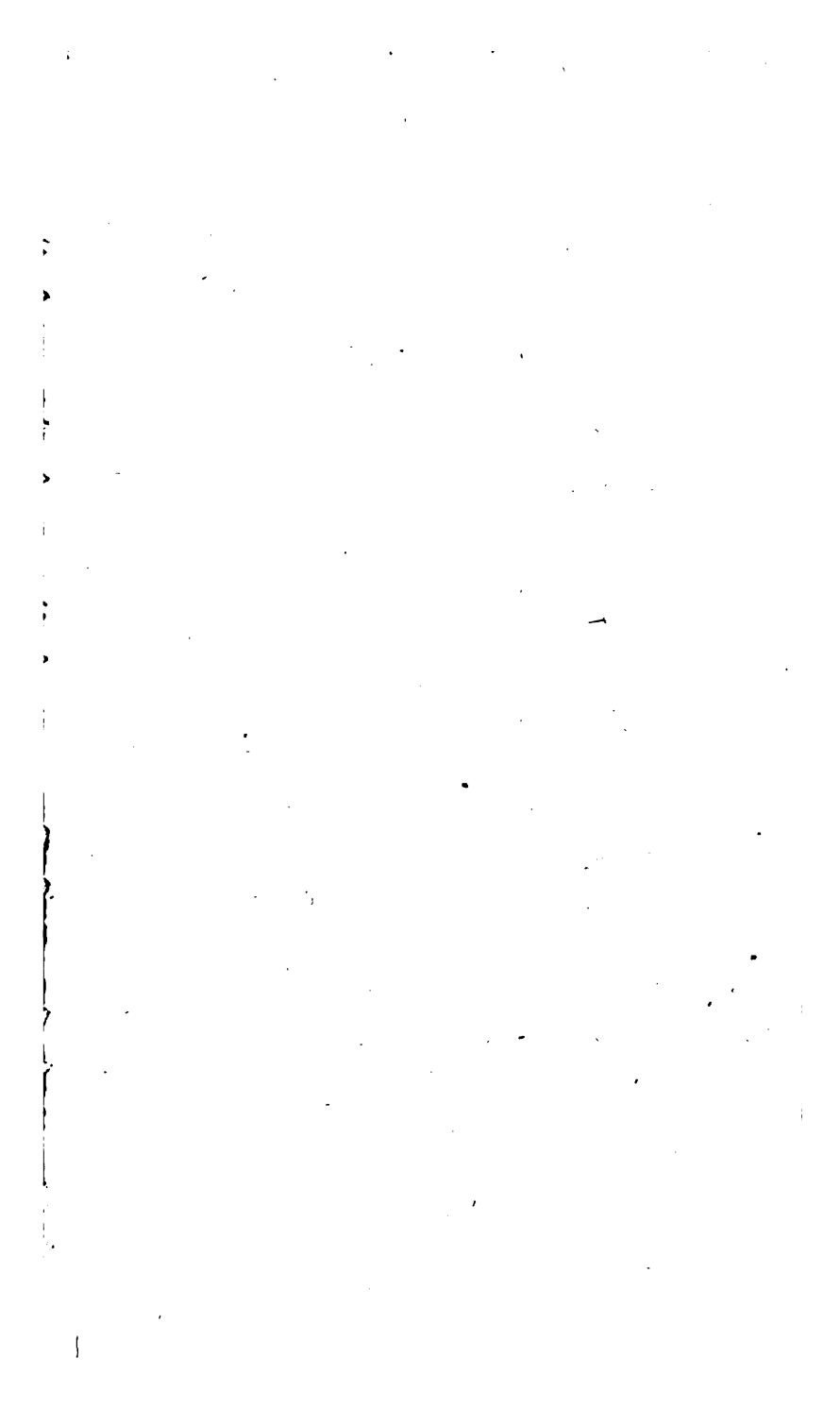
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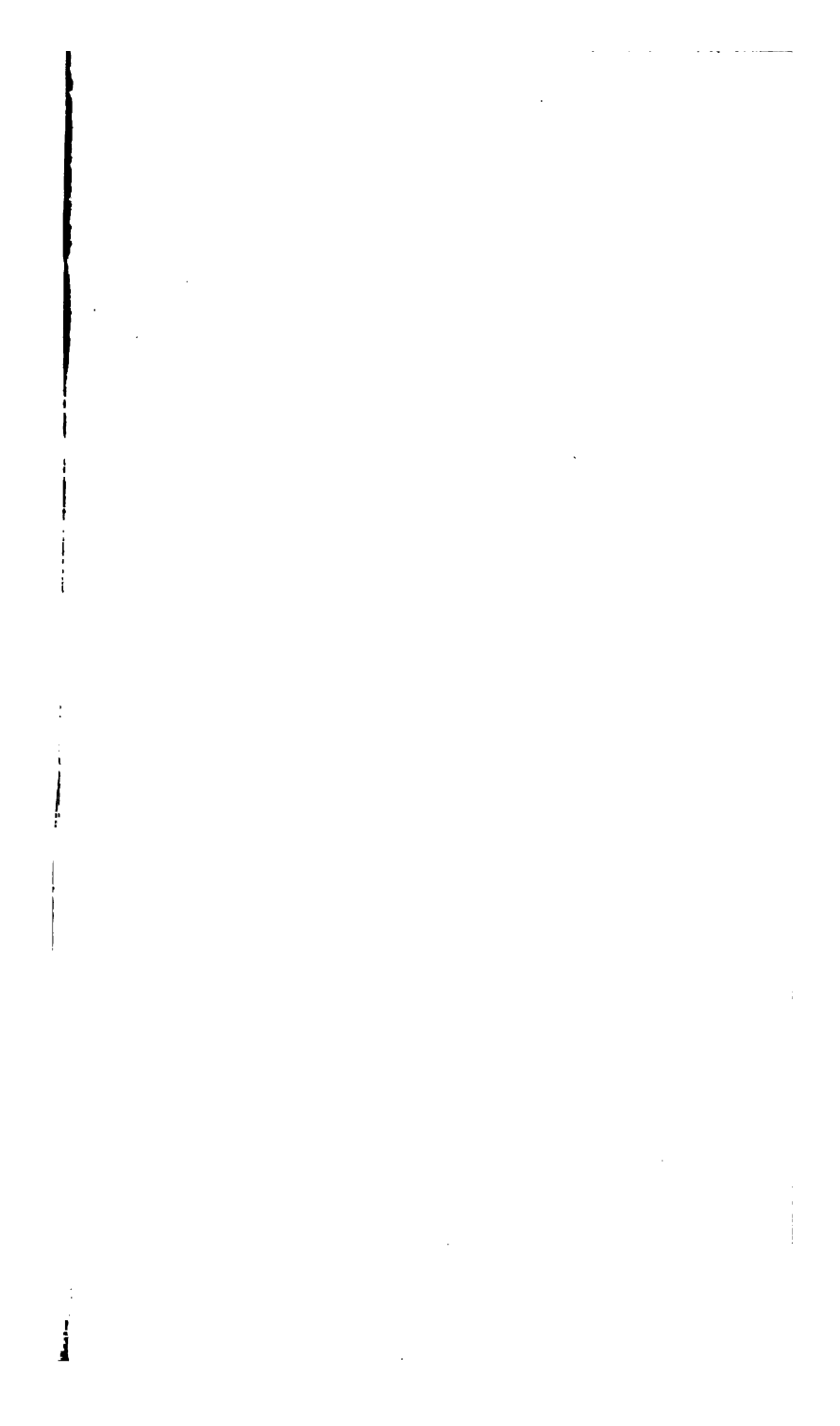
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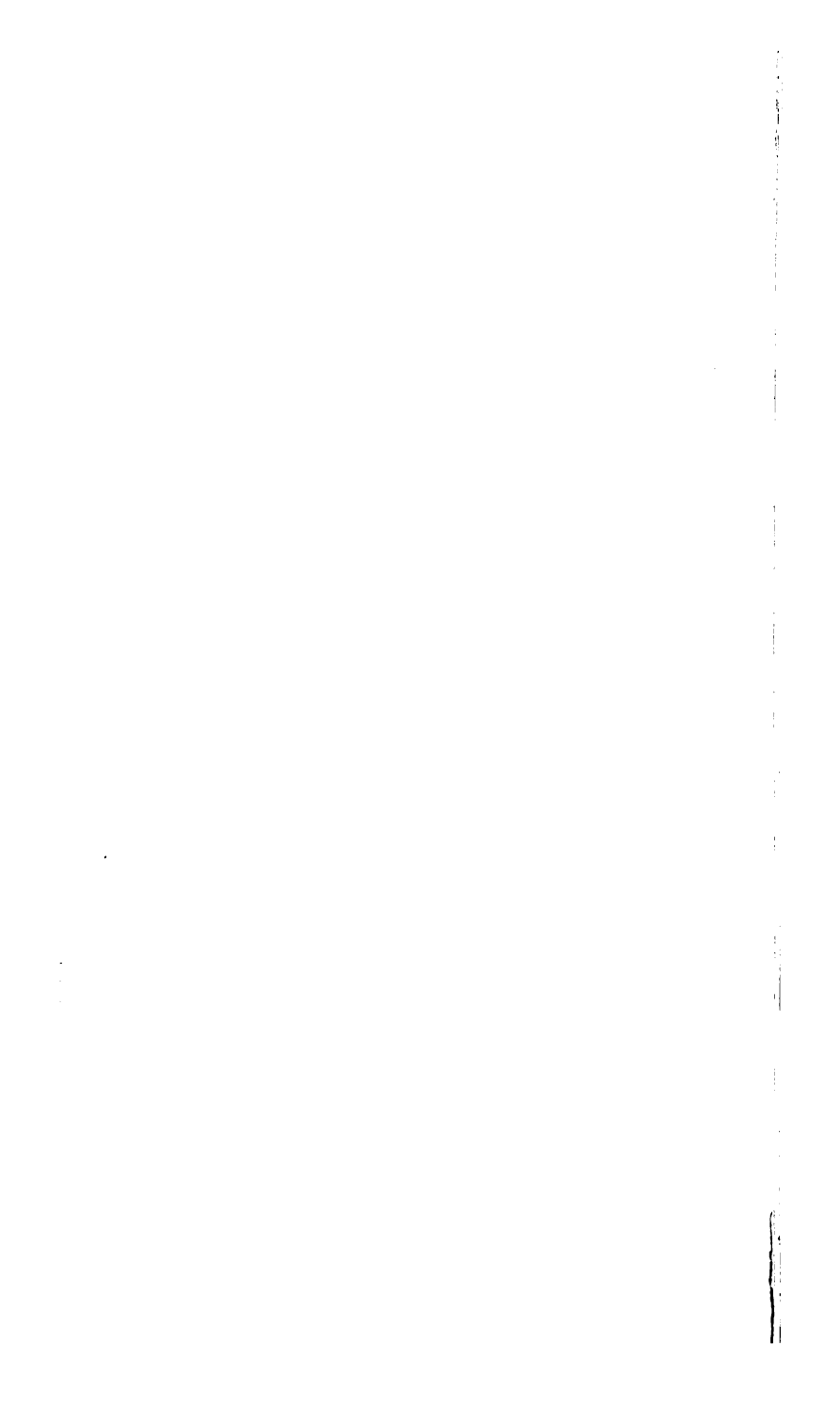
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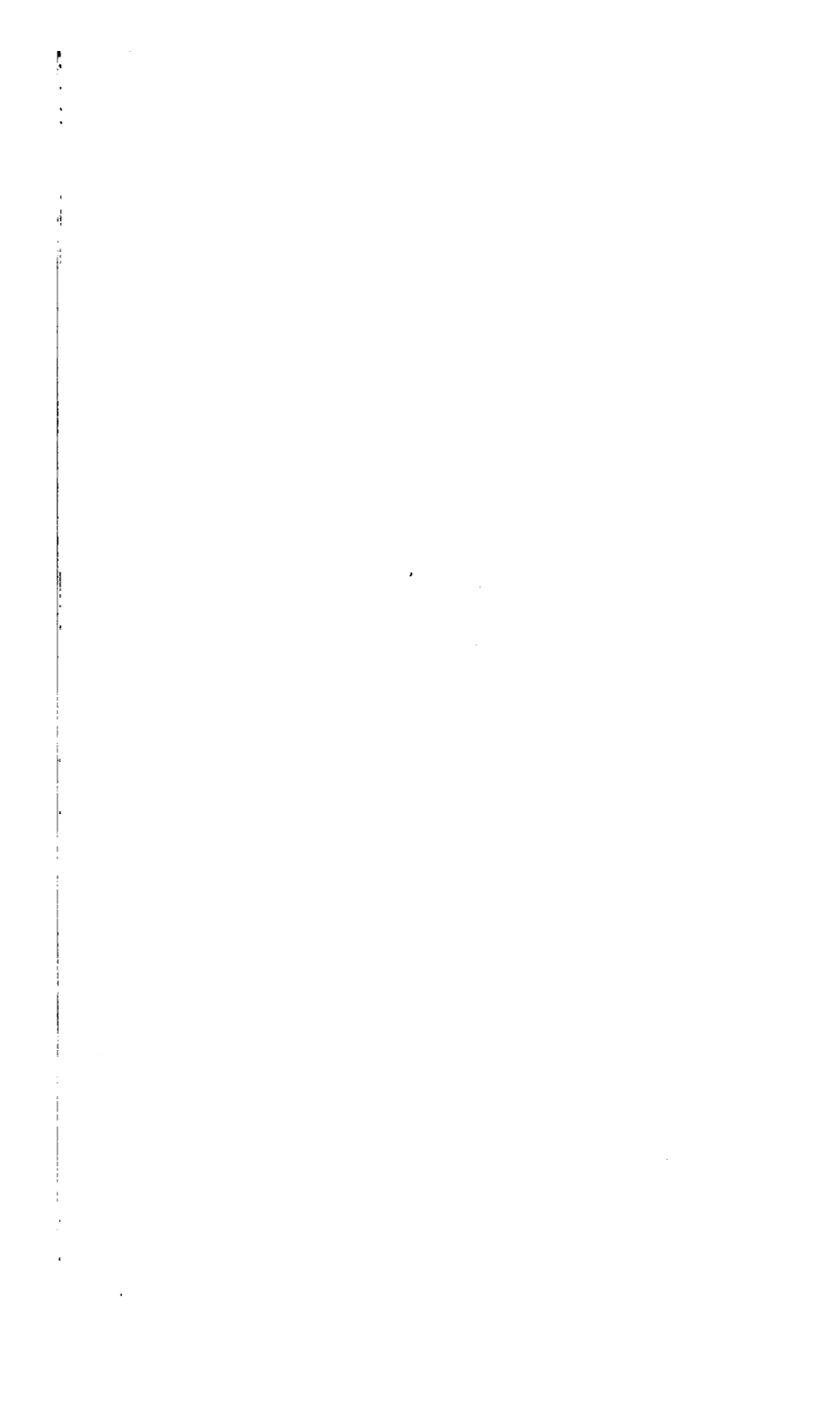
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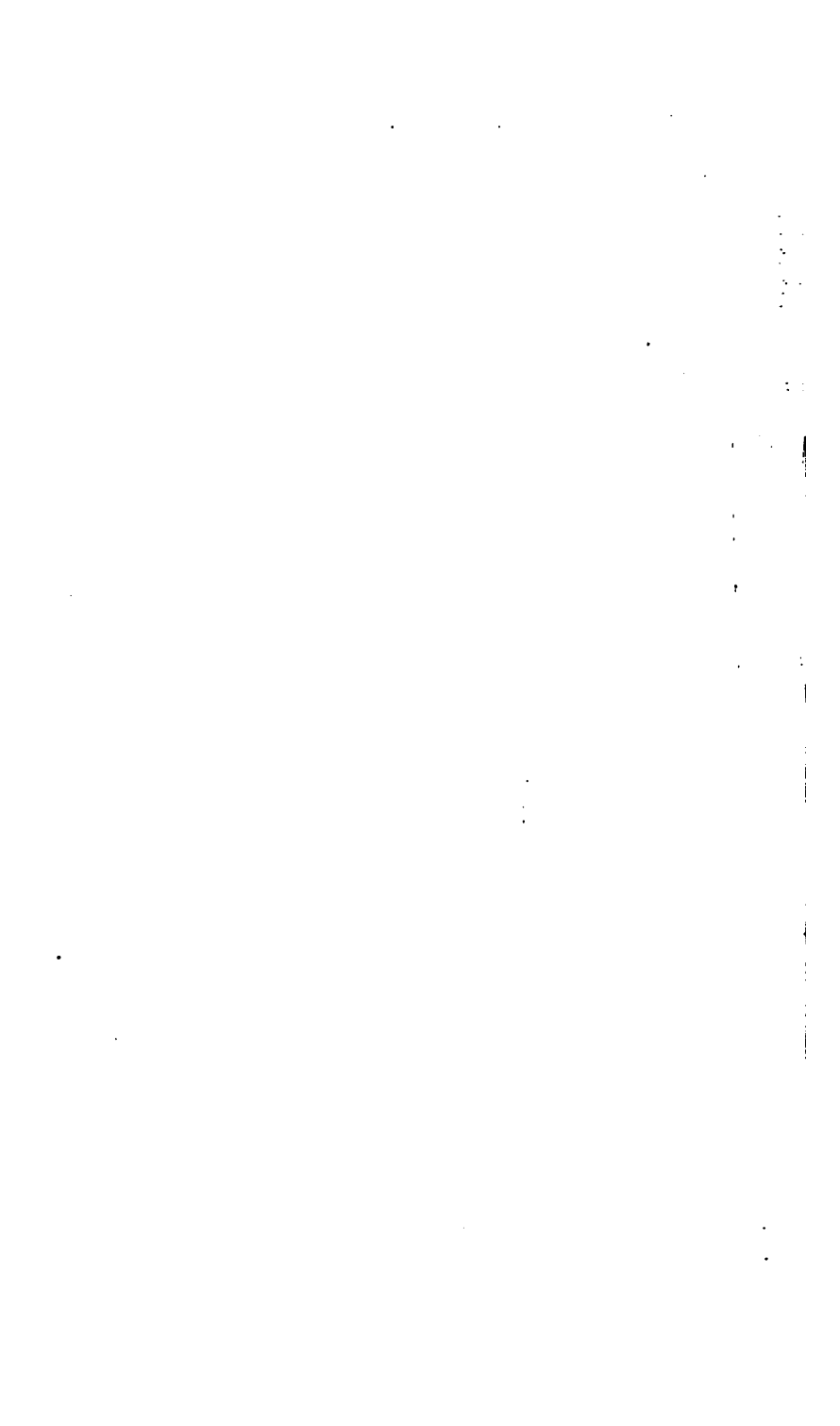


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